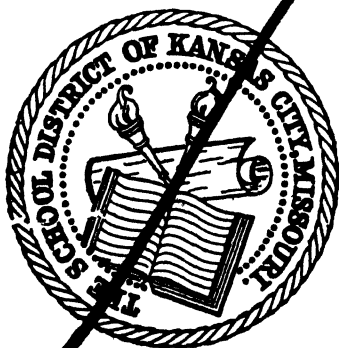


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JOHN







**THE BEST POEMS OF 1929.**



*The*  
BEST POEMS  
*of* 1929



*Selected by*  
THOMAS MOULT  
*and decorated by*  
JOHN AUSTEN

NEW YORK  
*Harcourt, Brace & Company*  
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*To*  
**THE MEMORY**  
*of*  
**CHARLOTTE MEW**  
*and*  
**ELINOR WYLIE**  
*Poets*



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(An asterisk denotes America)

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## INTRODUCTION

TWO features of *The Best Poems of 1929* demand especial notice. One is the uncommonly large number of longer poems by English authors as well as American. This indicates a widening tendency on the part of editors to print worthy poetry regardless of the space it may occupy. That writers and readers will rejoice over this additional manifestation of editorial interest in poetry may be taken for granted.

The other feature relates to a poem by the late Elinor Wylie. In printing "Portrait" after her lamented death the editor of the journal in which it appeared emphasises that it is reproduced from an issue of several years earlier, for reasons implied in his suggestion that "*Self-Portrait*" would be a more representative title than "Portrait."

These yearly harvestings of what the compiler believes to be the best poems printed in the periodicals of Great Britain, Ireland, and the U.S.A., during a specified period—in the present instance between July, 1928, and June, 1929—would not be possible without the co-operation of the various poets represented, their editors, and the poetry-loving public. That this co-operation should have been wholeheartedly given eight years ago, when the first volume of the series was issued, and maintained ever since, is the compiler's pride. It is also a reason for his continuance of a labour which might otherwise be arduous and therefore unjustifiable. True poetry comes to being only when the poet is zestful. His

work would have an unworthy sequel if those who received it were less enthusiastic than he was in the giving.

\* \* \*

To each of those whose contributions to the year's periodicals have been reprinted, and to the editors of the various journals in which they first appeared, the compiler has conveyed his thanks in the issue that contained the reprint. Once again the opportunity has come for him to undertake that very pleasant duty, and he now wishes to add his thanks to their audience, who are a constant and increasing section of readers. A tardy thanks, may be: but it has taken time to establish that a definite number of people are anxious to study experiments in poetry and follow its progress, be the individual practitioners known or unknown. The ready help given at the British Museum reading-room is gladly acknowledged: and also that of several publishers in England and America who have issued or are about to issue volumes in which appear certain of the pieces here reproduced.

THOMAS MOULT

## VACHEL LINDSAY

### THE VIRGINIANS ARE COMING AGAIN

**B**ABBITT, your tribe is passing away.  
This is the end of your infamous day.  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

With your neat little safety-vault boxes,  
With your faces like geese and foxes,  
You,  
Short-legged, short-armed, short-minded men,  
Your short-sighted days are over,  
Your habits of strutting through clover,  
Your movie-thugs, killing off souls and dreams,  
Your magazines, drying up healing streams,  
Your newspapers, blasting truth and splendor,  
Your shysters, ruining progress and glory,—  
Babbitt, your story is passing away.  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

All set for the victory, calling the raid,  
I see them, the next generation,  
Gentlemen, hard-riding, long-legged men,  
With horse-whip, dog-whip, gauntlet and braid,  
Mutineers, musketeers,  
In command,  
Unafraid:  
Great grandsons of Tidewater, and the bark-  
cabins,  
Bards of the Blue Ridge, in buckskin and  
boots,  
Up from the proudest war-path we have known—  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

The sons of ward-heelers  
Threw out the ward-heelers,  
The sons of bartenders  
Threw out the bartenders,  
And made our streets trick-boxes all in a day,  
Kicked out the old pests in a virtuous way.  
The new tribe sold kerosene, gasoline, paraffine.  
Babbitt sold Judas, Babbitt sold Christ.  
Babbitt sold everything under the sun.  
The Moon-Proud consider a trader a hog,  
The Moon-Proud are coming again.

Bartenders were gnomes,  
Pitiful tyrants, hairy baboons,  
But you are no better with saxophone tunes,  
Phonograph tunes, radio tunes,  
Water-power tunes, gasoline tunes, dynamo  
tunes,  
And pitiful souls like your pitiful tunes,  
And crawling old insolence blocking the road;  
So Babbitt, your racket is passing away.  
Your sons will be changelings, and burn down  
your world.  
Fire-eaters, troubadours, conquistadors!  
Your sons will be born, refusing your load,  
Thin-skinned scholars, hard-riding men,  
Poets unharnessed, the moon their abode,  
With the stateman's code, the gentlemen's  
code,  
With Jefferson's code, Washington's code,  
With Powhatan's code!  
From your own loins, for your fearful defeat  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

Our first Virginians were peasants' children  
But the power of Powhatan reddened their blood,  
Up from the sod came splendor and flood.  
Eating the maize made them more than men,  
Potomac fountains made gods of men.

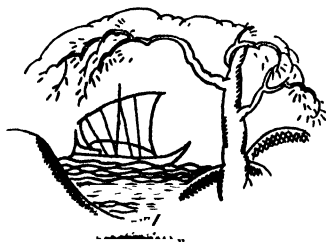
In your tottering age, not so long from you now,  
The terror will blast, the armies will whirl,  
Cavalier boy beside Cavalier girl,  
In the glory of pride, not the pride of the rich,  
In the glory of statesmanship, not of the ditch,  
In the old grand manner, lost no longer:  
Exquisite art born with heart-bleeding song  
Will make you die horribly, raving at wrong.  
You will not know your sons who are true to this soil;  
For Babbitt could never count much beyond ten,  
For Babbitt could never quite comprehend men.  
You will die in your shame, understanding not day,  
Out of your loins, to your utmost confusion  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

Do you think boys and girls that I pass on the  
street,  
More strong than their fathers, more fair than their  
fathers,  
More clean than their fathers, more wild than their  
fathers,  
More in love than their fathers, deep in thought  
not their fathers',  
Are meat for your schemes diabolically neat?  
Do you think that all youth is but grist to your  
mill  
And what you dare plan for them, boys will fulfill?

The next generation is free. You are gone.  
Out of your loins, to your utmost confusion  
*The Virginians are coming again.*

Put in rhetoric, whisper and hint,  
Put in shadow, murmur and glint;  
Jingle and jangle this song like a spur.  
Sweep over each tottering bridge with a whirr,  
Clearer and faster up Main Street and pike,  
Till sparks flare up from the flints that strike.  
Leap metrical ditches with bridle let loose.  
This song is a war, with an iron-shod use.  
Let no musician, with blotter and pad  
Set down his pot-hooks to make a song sad.  
Find

Your own rhymes  
When Robert E. Lee  
Gallops once more to the plain from the sea.  
Give the rebel yell every river they gain.  
Hear Lee's light cavalry rhyme with rain.  
In the star-proud, natural fury of men  
*The Virginians are coming again.*



## WILLIAM H. DAVIES

FOR SALE

**F**OUR hundred years this little house has stood  
Through wind and fire, through earthquake and  
through flood;

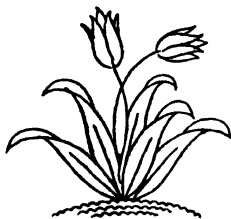
Still its old beams, though bulged and warped, are  
strong,

In spite of gaping wounds both deep and long.  
The doors are low and give such narrow space  
We must walk humbly in this little place.

The windows here, no longer square or straight,  
Are able now, from their fantastic state,  
To squint down their own walls, and see the  
flowers

That get more drippings from the eaves than  
showers.

Six hundred pounds for all this precious stone!  
These little, quaint old windows squinting down;  
This orchard, with its apples' last appeal  
To dumpling or sweet cider; this deep well,  
Whose little eye has sparkled from its birth—  
Four hundred years in sixty feet of earth!





## EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

### DIRGE WITHOUT MUSIC

I AM not resigned to the shutting away of loving  
hearts in the hard ground.

So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been time  
out of mind:

Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely;  
crowned

With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not  
resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.

Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.

A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,

A formula, a phrase remains—but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the  
laughter, the love,

They are gone; they are gone to feed the roses.  
Elegant and curled

Is the blossom; fragrant is the blossom. I know.  
But I do not approve.

More precious was the light in your eyes than all  
the roses of the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave

Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;

Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the  
brave.

I know. But I do not approve. And I am not  
resigned.

## PHYLLIS MEGROZ

### ALL SUMMER IN A DAY

ALL summer in a day—  
This will I give to thee,  
In those short hours  
Thou shalt have all the flowers  
Of June and May:  
Bud, leaf, and blossom,  
They shall unfolded be  
To deck thy bosom,  
And where thou shalt incline  
Thy sun-wreathed hair  
There shall float crystalline  
Along the air  
Translucent butterflies whose trembling wings  
Grow swift and sure to wheel their little way.  
All summer in a day—  
Open thy door that's winter-locked, sweet heart,  
Guard not thy store  
But be thou prodigal of what thou art,  
And let thy beauty flow  
Into the glow,  
Life's starry circle narrowed to a ray—  
What matters after  
Time's antique laughter?  
Thou shalt have had all summer in a day.



# DOROTHY WELLESLEY

LENIN

(February 1927)

**I**T was night when I saw Lenin,  
The Red Square dark but for snow.  
Kremlin walls invisible, only the tower  
Merged to light at the top. There light flung  
upward  
From a lantern unseen, threw its glow  
On a flag which flew on the sky,  
As colours turn in the dark:  
A curious unnatural scarlet.

I went through the door to Lenin.  
Each side of the door  
Were stationed, like figures from Noah's Ark,  
Two sentries, their skirts bowling out  
To a mass of solidity round their feet for the cold:  
Wooden toys set firm on the base;  
And I smiled as I passed through the door.

So I came down the steps to Lenin;  
With a herd of peasants before  
And behind me, I saw  
A room stained scarlet, and there  
A small wax man in a small glass case;  
Two sentries again at his feet, and one at his head,  
His little hands folded upon his breast:  
Pious spinster asleep; and I said:  
"Much writing these delicate hands have done."  
A lamp shone red.  
An aureole over him, on his red hair,  
His uniform clothed him still.

Greedy of detail I saw  
In these two minutes allowed,  
The man was not wax, as they said,  
But a corpse, for a thumb nail was black:  
The thing was Lenin.

Then a woman beside me cried  
With a strange voice, foreign, loud.  
And I, who fear not life nor death, and those who  
    have died  
Only a little, was inwardly shaken with fear,  
For I stood in the presence of God:  
The voice I heard was the voice of all gener-  
    ations  
Acclaiming new faiths, horrible, beautiful faiths;  
I knew that the woman wailed as women wailed  
    long ago  
For Christ in the sepulchre laid.  
Christ was a wax man too, when they carried Him  
    down to the grave.

Christ came not to save,  
Christ was terrible too,  
He brought not peace but a sword.

Then I knew that I too should wail with the  
    peasant women,  
Not for Lenin, not for our Lord,  
But wail in my heart for the fireside personal  
    gods;  
For Apollo who leaned on the lintels of farms,  
    in the evening light,  
Begging a flagon of wine. Oh for her:

Aphrodite Anadyomene,  
White in her shell.

Where goes man? This I know:  
It was night when I saw Lenin,  
The Red Square dark but for snow.



## KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

CLIFF DWELLERS, NEW MEXICO

CLIMBERS of cliffs are an enchanted race,  
They trust, they trespass, and they leave no  
trace.

They give back to the earth each thing they took,  
They give all back, manos and shepherd's crook.

Ladders that knew the upstretched reaching hand  
And idols are together under sand,  
Arrow and bowl and blanket on the loom  
Have disappeared from every hallowed room.

Time smoothes the cliffs in secrecy of how  
Such trust in them earth chose to disavow,  
These tiered, sun-healed incisions on a ledge  
Give silent proof earth gives no one a pledge.

# HENRY BELLAMAN

## PREMONITIONS

### I

I SEE your silver image glow  
Upon the loom; I count the breath  
Tossed to and fro by life and death;  
I watch the increasing pattern grow.

I can accept a plan of doom;  
(The years compound propitiate pain—  
The years decline like passing rain.)  
But—Who the weaver? What the loom?

### II

Now have we seen that signal from the hills—  
A gilded hieroglyph upon the air—  
A falling flutter of a broken wing  
That gropes and staggers in a dizzy ring,  
Something beset with more than mortal ills,  
Something abandoned to a desperate care.

A single leaf, as yellow as the moon—  
So has Death set a single golden sail,  
The first envoy of all that later fleet  
Intent and certain of our keen defeat.  
(A wind has stirred along the hills' high noon—  
And all the trees are shivering and pale.)

If there were reason to discover now  
A new simplicity in older ways,  
I could proclaim historical lament

And cry the hope of some quite sure content  
In such hypocrisies as sweetly bow  
To blind destroyers of these perfect days.

I praise the candor of this sombre fate,  
Its high design and reckless love of law—  
Ourselves the mates of stars in lofty stress  
The equal sharers of divine duress—  
Perhaps its rudeness and our scornful hate  
Together may anneal the seeming flaw.

### III

Look now on either side the edge  
Of snow that cuts the world in two:  
This is the reach of the great wedge  
Of mountain shouldering the blue.

Here are the last waves of the storm  
Fixed sharp, and frozen in the bland  
Immensity, as tides leave form  
Of their retreat upon the sand.

Prepare now for the clear surprise  
Of avalanche along your track,  
One shout of your exultant rise  
Will loose the mountain at your back.

See! Half a shining world drops sheer—  
White-feather, wild, upon the way  
We came—is gone; nor can we hear  
One echo break this perfect day.

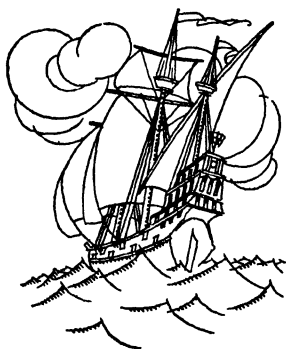


## IV

I rise from fear as one might rise from death  
With certain knowledge of an empty place,  
Assured that when the ebb of failing breath  
Is done, I shall not wake, nor shall I dream.

There is tranquility in this, the grace  
Of a quite solitary heritage . . .  
And so departing, leave no single trace  
Of guiding light, or dark misguiding fate.

Nor is there left a cause for noble rage,  
Seeing that things are simply what they seem;  
There is no caged, no keeper, and no cage—  
Only a music silenced soon or late.



## SYLVIA LYND

### VIRGIN GOLD

FAIR-HAIRED barley, the summer's child,  
Grew that year in the corner field—  
I never walked there without going  
Slowly to see the barley growing.

It had a voice more soft than the wave,  
It had a gleam that waters have—  
As bright as glass I saw it glisten,  
I heard it whisper and stood to listen.

Three long hills, three miles away,  
Blue as a blue cornflower were they—  
The barley, moving like a sea,  
Laid its pale locks against my knee.

Thinking of this, again I stand,  
And feel its coolness touch my hand—  
The pale, cool barley, that is ever  
Beautiful as a flowing river.

Lovely its stir in summer's breath;  
Lovely the knife they reap it with—  
Like the small moon of summer eves  
The sickle that cuts the barley sheaves!

And like a lover's every tress  
Gathered within the mute caress  
Of the warm leaning stooks—where fold  
The pretty locks of virgin gold.

## EMANUEL CARNEVALI

### NIGHT

NIGHT, ascending  
from the weary earth  
to the sky that swallows you  
like an enormous bird gulping its food,

Night, I burn  
like a piece of paper  
within your heart.

Oppressed, weighed down by your pall,  
the town sleeps.

Your hybrid shadows,  
where no coolness can be found,  
cut the town in slices.

That simple word *tonight*  
is a sweet promise,  
an oath of faith,  
an irrevocable guaranty.

You hide something in your bosom,  
your body is wrapped  
in falsely chaste shadows,  
I do not desire you.

Greater than the sea,  
lovelier than the day,  
loftier than God,  
more indomitable than sea-foam,

Santa Claus of dreams,  
married to the black wind,  
yet you bring me no rest,  
no peace,  
no sleep,  
no shelter.

But I want to be your *enfant terrible*,  
tell your secrets to a bunch of fools,  
deceive you, betray you,  
proclaim that your blackness and your chastity  
are both gullible stories.

Proclaim that you are hiding your face  
because it is unbeautiful!

Proclaim that you are no relation of God,  
and that who says so is a poetic liar.

Proclaim that you give shelter and sleep  
only to those that desecrate,  
by their ways of living,  
the day.

Lover of a thousand poets, you  
shall not have me.  
If they bring you fresh new love, like fruits,  
I have an ancient quarrel with you.



## MARGARET MARSHALL

### THE FARMER'S WIFE

THE sun is gilding all the barley tips,  
And I lie dreaming underneath the trees,  
While, like a silver stream, the evening slips  
And lengthens with the shadows on the leas . . .  
In my primrose linen dress  
I walk again through sunny lanes,  
With eyes alight in happiness  
Beside the laden harvest wains.  
The horses in our fields are white,  
And there are glossy mares at graze,  
Whose rollicking, unsteady foals  
Play through the drowsy summer days.  
I stand with arms frothed elbow-deep  
In bowls of yellow cream,  
And singing, make my butter there,  
Devonshire way—nor know I dream—  
My hair is honey-coloured,  
And my eyes are young and light;  
The days are made for laughing,  
And there's love and rest at night.  
My man is strong and tawny,  
Like a stallion in his pride,  
Brown is he, and modelled finely,  
Moving with a tall man's stride, . . .  
Sinks now below the hill the sun's red rim,  
And sinks my dream into the present pain;  
I am a slattern, with my eyes grown dim  
With straining to see Devon fields again:  
My man is like a ferret where he stands;  
I am afraid—afraid of his thin hands.

## MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

FROM A TOMB OF THE KINGS

NOT all the treasures, once this boy's,—  
The throne encrusted with turquoise,  
With lapis and carnelian;  
The golden beds, the peacock chair;  
The caskets and the royal fan,  
Though Egypt's skill was lavished there,  
By many a cunning artisan,  
Could make him seem a human thing—  
This mummy that was once a king.

More moving than the glory planned,  
Remains the message of a hand  
That laid a flower on his brow.  
Though cerements bind each withered limb,  
A ghostly lotus tells us how  
A little queen once grieved for him.  
So, while his flesh is parchment now,  
We know this one who died long since,  
Was lover once, as well as prince.



## IRENE HAUGH

### THE VALLEY OF THE BELLS

*Suggested by the music of "La Vallée des Cloches" (Ravel)*

**M**ONOTONOUS ringing, far away, a solitary bell.

Where? For whom? By whom? There's nobody here to tell.

Noon, silent summer noon. The flowers  
Droop in the heat. Cloudless, blue, blue sky.  
Haze on the convent spire. White, heat haze.  
Not a stir on the leaves, not a fluttering butterfly.

Heavy, breathless noon. Even the cows  
Sleepy-eyed, cease their tinkling tune  
And drowse in the shade of the trees.  
All things drowse in the lonely Siesta noon.

Twelve! Listen. Awake, awake peals  
The angelus bell. No stir, no answer here.  
Pray, pray, an echo rings from the church  
Far below. They're pealing and ringing far and near.

Awake, awake. Have you heard, oh idle one?  
Why do you dream, lying all day, supine?  
Up, up and pray. With your lips to the earth,  
Oh, beware, beware you're drinking the Lotus wine.

Bells, bells, I hear you long ago,  
In a far away home, hushing the shrill street cries  
In the fetid, smoky air of a northern town;  
Pealing and mingling with all its labouring noise.

I'm still in the valley here. They've ceased. But  
no.

The little convent bell! 'tis late, 'tis late.  
Hurry, sister, hurry; the hour is past.  
Ring out, little bell. The noon will never wait.

Silence again. Drowsy summer day.  
No stir, no answer here. The sun will creep  
Soon enough to the western sky. And the bees,  
hush!  
They hum and drone. "Sleep, stranger, sleep."

And still monotonous, far away, a solitary bell.  
Why is it ringing now? There's nobody here to  
tell.





## ALFRED NOYES

### BIRD SONG

TELL me, you  
That sing in the blackthorn,  
Out of what Mind  
Your melody springs.  
Is it the World-Soul  
Throbs like a fountain  
Up through the throat  
Of an elf with wings?

Five sweet notes  
In a golden order,  
Out of that deep realm  
Quivering through,  
Flashed like a phrase  
Of light through darkness.  
But *Who* entangled them?  
Tell me, *Who*?

You whose throats  
In the rain-drenched orchard  
Peal your joys  
In a cadenced throng;  
You whose wild notes,  
Fettered by Beauty,  
Move like the stars  
In a rounded song;

Yours is the breath  
But *Whose* is the measure,  
Shaped in an ecstasy  
Past all art?

Yours is the spending:  
Whose is the treasure?  
Yours is the blood-beat:  
Whose is the heart?

*Minstrels all  
That have woven your housen  
Of withies and twigs  
With a Mind in-wrought,  
Ye are the shuttles,  
But out of what Darkness  
Gather these thoughtless  
Patterns of thought?*

*Bright eyes glance  
Through your elfin doorways,  
Roofed with rushes,  
And lined with moss.  
Whose are the voiceless  
Pangs of creation?  
Yours is the wild bough:  
Whose is the Cross?*

Carols of light  
From a lovelier kingdom,  
Gleams of a music  
On earth unheard,  
Scattered like dew  
By the careless wayside,  
Pour through the lifted  
Throat of a bird.

# HAROLD LEWIS COOK

## THE QUEST

I, WHO made of love a rope  
To hang me by,  
Can find in all this world no place  
Wherein to die.

And I, who long have made of Time  
A tumbril cart,  
Cannot, however great my strength,  
Make the wheels start.

Where is the tree grown tall enough?  
Where is the hour?  
Till then no pity in a leaf,  
No music in a tower.



# LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

## A SONG OF CITIES

I HAVE dreamed of great cities and the world as  
it was;

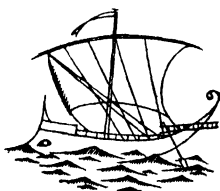
High walls tumbled in Italy and France;  
White buried cities deep in jungle grass;  
And empty cities where the fireflies dance.

And what of those towns which lie buried under  
sea,

Which chime their bells and chime again yet no  
man comes?

Tall towers of China built of porphyry,  
And those Red Gates which were Byzantium's?

Tarnished they lie—a heap of old brocade,  
Or foundered like a galleon with all her sails.  
Brave, lost cities which made the world afraid!—  
Some day I'll write them all in a book of tales.



## CHARLES BALLARD

### ROLLIN AND ME

YESTERDAY Rollin found me on the hillside  
gathering berries and he helped me.  
He gave me one, and laughed at the red stain on  
my lips, and kissed me.  
Then all at once he knew what I had known for a  
long time, and told me;  
But I couldn't speak just then.

So we went hand-in-hand down through the long  
field, walking in the daisies,  
Till we came to the grassy bank of the river,  
There I answered him.

Rollin is good and honest, and a willing worker.  
Soon he'll have money laid by.  
Then we'll marry, and have a little house by the  
river.

I'll be a wife, and keep fowls, and save money for  
a cow.  
Children will come.

At last we'll grow old and die;  
And our children will lay us close to the church,  
side by side;  
And we'll go to our Father in heaven.

That's all about Rollin and me.

## GRETCHEN WARREN

### LOST

HIGH out of time they fly,  
Beauties the poets lost—  
Their dreams that soared too high.

Lonely and strange and clear,  
Shakespeare's uncaptured bird  
Sings the note he died to hear.

Too fierce for Greece or Rome,  
Up, up their visions sped  
To this immenser home.

Here, though Keats ceased to be,  
And prisoned lies in dust,  
His nightingale goes free.

\* \* \*

Call, anguished poet, call  
To these wanderers in the vast . . .  
Does a broken echo fall?



## STANLEY J. KUNITZ

### MAN DOES NOT ASK FOR MUCH

BEHOLD this darkling world: it is a cave  
Of bitter circumstance and swift decay,  
Wherein the blind soul, stumbling to the grave,  
Knows nothing but the peril of the way.  
Man does not ask for much, being content  
With scanty joy in plenitude of grief;  
A mouth to kiss, money to pay his rent,  
One small coincidence to speed belief  
In a divine Redeemer, sweetly kind,  
Who if He maketh man diseased and wild,  
Corruptible and ignorant and blind,  
Yet loveth He His poor afflicted child.  
Then is man happy going to his doom:  
Then will he lie down singing in his tomb.



## CARL SANDBURG

### LAVENDER LILIES

THE lavender lilies in Garfield Park lay lazy in the morning sun.

A cool summer wind flicked at our eyebrows and the pansies fixed their yellow drops and circles for a day's show.

The statue of Lincoln, an axe on his shoulder, a bronze axe, was a chum of five bluejays crazy and calling, "Another lovely morning, another lovely morning."

And a headline of my newspaper said, "Thirty dead in race riots."

And Lincoln with the axe, and all the lavender lilies and the cool summer wind and the pansies, the living lips of bronze and leaves, the living lips of bluejays, all they could say was, "Another lovely morning, another lovely morning."



## GEORGE RYLANDS

### HARVEST

THE pasture gleams a vivid green below the  
sullen cloud;  
Across the hill the shadow steals and bares the  
stubble to the sun.  
Blow scud, pile tempest! the corn is carried, the  
ricks are thatched, the summer is done!  
O heart, where is your harvest? I had reaped, had  
I sowed, had I ploughed.

Rehearse no Shepherd's Calendar—that August  
comes again,  
That farmland must lie fallow and the blood leap  
up with the sap of spring.  
Is there frost on the air? The lips' sweet is withered;  
Time turns on a wheel but beauty takes  
wing.  
I have not seen, I shall not, my acres white with  
grain.



## *E. MERRILL ROOT*

### THE COW

THAT four-legged fountain called a cow  
Is stranger than the Sphinx:  
What Oedipus has told us how  
Green grass within a copper cow  
Turns the white milk he drinks?

The Roc from the Arabian Tale  
Was not so strange as she;  
Jonah's apartment in the whale  
Beside her alchemy's a pale  
And gentle verity.

God's jolly cafeteria  
With four legs and a tail.  
As mystic as Cabala,  
An elf in rufous taffata,  
She pours us ivory ale.

The Tavern of the Crumpled Horn,  
She pours a cosmic flood  
That antedates John Barleycorn;  
'Twill feed the Superman unborn:  
It nourished Adam's blood.

She eats the grass and honeydew,  
The buttercups and daisies;  
And she will dream, and chew, and chew—  
Invite her soul, and loaf, and moo  
Life's rude and wholesome praises.

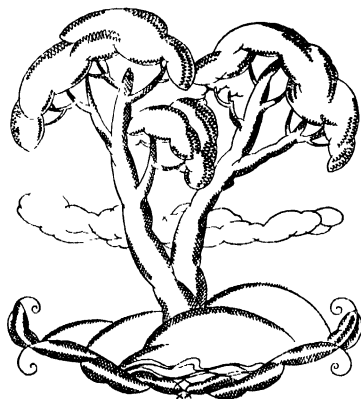
Her udder is a Holy Grail

Whence heroes, saints, and lovers—

Yes, all the Sons of Man—grow hale.

Oh, she's an ambulant Fairytale

That's bound in leathern covers.



R. N. D. WILSON

DONEGAL COAST

I KNOW that at the end,  
Obedient to the sea,  
I shall come  
to this last utter coast,  
blinded with light.

All colour gone,  
but the swift spate of silver,  
the grey mountain-shoulder  
wave-commanding,  
and my hope in its fastness!

Divided, forsaken,  
What should I cling to?  
Thought, memory,  
the nets of religion  
break like a shoal in the sundering tide-streams.

Here, then, I stand  
as night before morning,  
the sea at dawn  
and the long waves breaking:  
O bright Homeric waters  
I pray you receive me!

Not as a stranger,  
not as an outcast,  
I come as thy pilgrim,  
I call thee to claim me  
by the sands on my feet—  
by the salt in my heart!

A. E.

GERMINAL

CALL not thy wanderer home as yet,  
Though it be late;  
Now is his first assailing of the invisible gate.  
Be still through that light knocking. The hour  
Is thronged with fate.

To that first tapping at the invisible door  
Fate answereth.  
What shining image or voice, what sigh  
Or honied breath,  
Comes forth, shall be the master of life  
Even to death.

Satyrs may follow after. Seraphs  
On crystal wing  
May flame. But the delicate first comer  
It shall be King,  
They shall obey, even the mightiest,  
That gentle thing.

All the strong powers of Dante were bowed  
To a child's mild eyes,  
That wrought within him that travail  
From depths up to skies,  
Inferno, Purgatorio  
And Paradise.

Amid the soul's grave councillors  
A petulant boy

Laughs under the laurels and purples, the elf  
Who snatched at his joy,  
Ordering Cæsar's legions to bring him  
The world for his toy.

In ancient shadows and twilights,  
Where childhood had strayed,  
The world's great sorrows were born  
And its heroes were made.  
In the lost boyhood of Judas  
Christ was betrayed.

Let thy young wanderer dream on:  
Call him not home.  
A door opens, a breath, a voice,  
From the ancient room  
Speaks to him now. Be it dark or bright  
He is knit with his doom.



## BABETTE DEUTSCH

### THE ENGLISH SINGERS

THEY sang: and the wide hall was charged with  
slow  
Immoderate gold, as though their voices were  
fingers  
On the sluice that is west of Eden. Halt that flow,  
Yet riding the air like a feather, the radiance lingers.

They sang again: a white-flanked island rose  
Out of the music, upborne on the tides of their  
singing;  
Girdled with masts, its greens and towers and mows  
Gay with the sound of sailors homeward flinging.

Their melodies were mournful, being wise  
As a woman is, whose lover death hath taken,  
As a man who looks on his work with aged eyes,  
Oh, and sweet as the throat of a child by laughter  
shaken.

"God give you good-morning, my masters, past  
three o-clocke  
And a fair morning," they sang, whereupon  
morning  
Put off her grey wimple, put on a rosy smock,  
And made brisk answer to night's sour warning.

"Lanthorns and candle light, hang out mayes for  
all night,"  
They sang, and their voices were as lanthorns lifted  
Against the coming of the unending night,  
And when they ceased its shadow never shifted.

A. E. COPPARD

TO WINTER

**F**LAUNT not so boldly  
Thy frozen crest,  
Crushing so coldly  
The beggar's breast;  
Let the limbs trot  
Warm to the farm,  
And of birds not  
The least take harm;  
Wild winter refrain  
From wounding measures,  
Bring us no bane,  
But only thy pleasures.

For, lo, this summer  
My child was born;  
So blithe a newcomer  
Thou wilt not spurn?  
Let the last rose  
Bloom by our door,  
And those icy throes  
Die on the shore.  
For she is my joy,  
My dream and my story—  
Blow tenderly, boy,  
And thine be the glory.

When as thou freezest  
The sun must shine,  
The snow thou releasest  
Fall uncondign;



Rack not, O railer,  
The poor, nor foil  
Ploughman and sailor  
Under their toil;  
Bring them no cares  
T' affront my daughter,  
Spoiling the airs  
Sweet heaven has taught her.

My sweet little linnet,  
Nought shall annoy  
With the secret in it  
This one year of joy;  
So live like the flowers  
Ere time contemn,  
And sleep as One slept  
In Bethlehem.  
And sweet God of Thy power  
These virtues bequeath her;  
To find her own dower  
And not marry beneath her!



## ROBERT FROST

### ACQUAINTED WITH THE NIGHT

I HAVE been one acquainted with the night.  
I have walked out in rain and back in rain.  
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.  
I have passed by the watchman on his beat  
And dropped my eyes unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and hushed the sound of feet  
When far away an interrupted cry  
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;  
And further still at an unearthly height  
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.  
I have been one acquainted with the night.



# JAMES DALY

## MARINE

intricate slow shuddering lights conquer  
the fog lo they are stars and there far out  
see that phantasmal glimmer called a ship emerge  
with the moon

bravely

O on such a night  
pilgrimage ends

in quiet brief as the sea's  
brief as the blood's quiet by this quiet sea



# KATHARINE TYNAN

## THE CATTLE

AS we sped homewards under a starry sky,  
By the rich pastures, the sleeping and quiet  
trees,  
What are the little lights, tossed low and high  
As a lantern swung in a man's hand? What are  
these?

Who are these coming? A soundless multitude  
Swerving away from the light? These are eyes,  
eyes, eyes,  
The eyes of frightened cattle, red as blood,  
Pass into the night and its mysteries.

Under the holy mountains the pastures keep  
Dew and honey and quiet breathing, deep rest,  
By the side of the milky mother the lambs are asleep  
Till the cuckoo calls; the night has a mother's  
breast.

But these that have passed us by; they go, they go,  
Driven with curses and goads, unpitied, un-  
stayed  
To the slaughter house and the blood and at last  
the blow—  
The ghostly cattle passing have made me afraid.

## MARGERY SWETT MANSFIELD

### THESE MOUNTAINS ARE NOT KIND

'ANYONE must see," I said, "anyone not blind,  
These mountains are not kind.  
They make a show of flowers and tender green  
But rivers gnaw between  
Their breasts too fiercely, and many a bone must  
blanch  
In the scars of every avalanche."

I spoke bitterly: I had heard  
The dying hiss of a snake-stung bird,  
The scream of lost cattle in the falls,  
And the calls  
Of hungry coyote. I had seen  
Pine trees, flattened to the earth,  
Spread their living green  
Humbly to make a foot-mat for the storm.  
"What they cannot kill," I said, "these mountains  
orm."

"There is black magic here in every weed,  
And he who comes to love the place  
Eats bitter seed.  
Knotted and bent by toil,  
He plants his hope in sterile soil.  
Safety and rest are not for such a one;  
By flood or frost or thirsty sun  
He is undone.  
The pinnacles that split the skies  
Are daggers in the clouds' white sides,  
The sharp-edged lakes are jewels on a sorceress.  
And I will speak the truth, and not sing praise."

But even while I spoke the dusk descended  
On slow grey feet, and gently drew  
Sharp contours into lovely ways  
Of sweetest sorrow, dimmest blue,  
And green and purple, softly blended.  
My mountains! Where is she who had intended  
To speak the truth of you!



## CHARLES NORMAN

TO THE MEMORY OF WILFRED OWEN

(1893-1918)

**I**NTO the sunset of their youth they strode,  
Resolved to horror splendidly, and brave;  
Oh, brave they were upon war's final road  
To bring irresolution to the grave,  
Firmly, in the staccato scene of war  
Where the huge guns abode whose speech has  
blown  
To twilight beaches of the evening star  
Since Flanders and the fields of France were  
sown  
With youth, and the sad world forgot to weep.  
Oh, these were lads with singing in their blood,  
And lips too fond of kissing love to sleep,  
And loathing their last mistress of moist mud.

These, in the world's far cities, walked so proud,  
Tingling when twilight glimmered, and their eyes  
Saw glad-faced girls unto whose eyes they vowed  
The fleet, immortal moments of the wise.  
Oh, these were lovers and beloved of many,  
The nights glowed with their ardor, days  
dawned bright;  
Now where they sleep, they are unknown to any;  
The trailing seeds thrust through them toward  
the light.  
And these were song-makers and full of dreaming,  
Who brooded in late hours of endeavour,  
Until they saw war's lurid flowers streaming  
In the shocked sky, and shut their eyes forever.

Now, in the streets they trod, the shadows lie  
In deep, spilled heaps of gloom that cats disturb  
Probing the midnight and the fleece of sky  
That glitters in the pool beside the curb.  
And not their sons walk here, but tired, old  
men;  
And women old for sorrow of those years  
That tried their souls, and will not try again,  
Having but once inured their souls to tears,  
Horror and loneliness, and perished dreams.  
Oh, here, before bright bugles called to death,  
Lads paused for kissing the entangled gleams  
Of moonlight in girls' hair; their souls drew  
breath.

But not for long; for then the summons came,  
The glamorous treachery of bugles blowing,  
And banners beating in their hearts like flame  
That were not on the roads when they were  
going  
In solemn march abreast to stain the ground,  
And spill their years for petals' sustenance;  
This was the final glory that they found,  
In dark or twilight on the soil of France.  
And lads fell there that will not ever know  
Those seeds they brooded on had come to bud  
On barren ground and ground beneath the snow  
In the astounding blossom of their blood.

Their hearts, the harps of sorrow, are unwrought,  
Are stilled forever, and will sound no more;  
And all their visioning has come to nought;  
Their ships of dreaming foundered by the shore.



Their songs and stories and their sculpturing,  
Painting, and all the arts of their distress,  
Blow with the wind from seas of evening,  
Beyond the sea-towns of forgetfulness.  
And we forget the grandeur of their ways  
Before spring laboured in the earth to speed  
The tragic flowers of these empty days  
That bloom upon the highway of new greed.

O slender shadows of the cross that hide  
The little grass upon lads' graves, but not  
The folly of our elders in their pride  
Whose souls are crucified on gleams of thought:  
What of the living lads—oh, what of these,  
Who face the sunrise of exulting times,  
Aware of the bright buds of ecstasies,  
Splendor of art, and love that chants in rhymes?  
There is no voice that answers, but the moan  
Of winds mourning in twilight, and the sound  
Of those manoeuvred guns again that shone  
When lads before them paced to pave the  
ground.



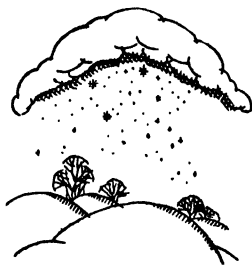
## HAROLD VINAL

### FLIGHT

THEY are immortal, voyagers like these,  
Bound for supreme and royal latitudes;  
They soar beyond the eagle, where it broods,  
With Venus and the evening Pleiades;  
For in the blue pale Indies of the sky,  
They plough, gold-prowed, the Arteries of Air,  
Finding an unexplored dimension there—  
They leave us Star Maps we may voyage by.

Not Galileo, with his dreaming power,  
Not great Columbus, master of the gale,  
Chartered for Time, such harbours for man's  
flight.

Lured by another Odyssey, a Grail,  
They climbed the heavens. Byrd in his white hour,  
Lindbergh, an eagle sweeping through the night.



## THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

FORT LARAMIE 1834-1924

SKYLIKE grew delphiniums  
Through the planking cracks in the two-inch  
floor;  
This is Wyoming walking in,  
I said, through an open door.

Wyoming is old as a rotting plank  
That is not humus yet,  
Blue flowers walk through an open door,  
That grow through puncheons in the floor,  
Petals blow on the trapper's hearth.  
Under this floor and in the earth,  
I said, is a taproot net,  
And the roof is a thing the sun shines through  
To make Wyoming flowers blue.

I touched the frame, there was no door,  
It was a place where a door had been;  
I said there was a time before  
These bluest flowers came walking in  
When such a quiet opening  
In a strong wall in the afternoon,  
With no-one here and a strong door gone,  
Would have been a fearful thing.

(I said Cheyennes and Sioux left more  
Than silent flowers upon a floor.)

I watched the pigeons roar and pound  
And drag their tails upon the ground,

And I said these walls are thicker than  
The arm's length of a prairie man,  
But I said a pigeon circles through  
These four white walls of stony mud  
As if no smoky pane had ever  
Turned the sun to pigeon's blood,  
I said does anyone recall  
When birds did not fly through this wall?

My hand touched the bud of a blue flower's coming  
And I heard a pigeon's mating drumming;  
What is Fort Laramie? I said,  
There flows the Platte, here are the dead:  
They lie in a fold of the greasewood ground,  
A few were killed and some were drowned,  
And some had reasons for knowing why  
Any place was a place to die,  
And I looked to see if any stone  
Said *Better die here than in Oregon*,  
And I looked for letters that could be pieced  
Into *We died here on our way back East*.

But I found no words from the honest dead,  
For the living had marked the stones instead.

Lone men grow honest when they die,  
You can sometimes tell by the way they lie  
Where they were going and why they stopped,  
But these, I said, have all been propped  
In cottonwood boxes of compromise  
With coppered eyes on paradise  
And backs set tight against the world,

With arms well crossed and fingers curled;  
How many death-set arms were cracked  
To build a sign the living lacked?  
How many honest muscles sprung  
To fit a hymn that must be sung?  
What is a cross upon a breast  
That does not face the East or West,  
Here under me  
At Laramie?

Fort Laramie is Nature now;  
I said if there is any trace  
Of how many millions passed this place  
Under canvas tilts with faces drawn  
On the bitter dream of Oregon,  
Then any man is natural  
As a prairie dog or a coral thing  
Or a wind that blows a mountain down.

Bill Sublette was a coral thing,  
This is your reef, too, Broken Hand;  
Bob Campbell was a prairie dog,  
This is your mound of earth, Bob Campbell;  
Jim Bridger was a blowing wind,  
This is a mountain's bone, Old Gabe;  
Kit Carson, did you write a will?  
This graveyard, Kit, is also Nature;  
Dreamers, fighters, cowards, lovers,  
Here is a plank a blossom covers,  
Here is Wyoming walking in  
With a blue flower and a pigeon's wing.

## ROBERT NICHOLS

### EPIC WIND

**A**N epic wind is loose to-night, ~  
It seems to shift earth's very floor;  
The sea is all one seething light,  
The sky a roaring open door.

An opal spume obscures the bay  
Where the distracted breakers crowd;  
The very dunes are whirled away,  
Spun moonward in a flaming cloud.

Blow, furious wind! Blow, hurricane, blow!  
Burst windows, uproot scaffoldings!  
Spin the spire cocks until they crow,  
Clash spurs, and clap their bronzen wings!

Shake every tower and steeple staid,  
Set the bells lungeing overhead  
Till their mouths' clangorous cannonade  
Summon old England's doughty dead

From the four quarters of the globe,  
From weltering water, plain and sky,  
To appear in fiery wreath and robe  
About the beds where sleepless lie

All such as doubt this England's power  
To be yet more than she has been,  
In seeming autumn blaze with flower,  
Mock promised winter with wild green.

Blow, furious wind! Ride, spirits, ride!  
Ours to accept and yours to give!  
Blessèd be those for England died,  
Blessèd be those for her shall live!

JOHN FREEMAN

FROM "THE ENEMIES"—

EPILOGUE

THESE three, Sight, Hearing, Touch,  
Have I loved overmuch,  
Thinking in them alone  
My spirit might find its own  
Energy and delight.  
But in the night  
They sleep, those false allies,  
Smiling enemies.  
*Then* to see, hear, embrace  
That which no semblance has  
To shape and sound miscalled  
Real, and unappalled  
Endure an hour, a night,  
Supreme, severe Delight!

But as in cold high lands  
The Arab sleeps on sands  
Crusted with sudden frost,  
And wakes to find him host  
To serpent curled beside,  
Heat-loving; so, if I hide  
Myself from sense the form  
Abhorred slides near, that Worm  
Called Death, to sun him by  
My spirit's agony.  
*Who shall deliver me?*  
I pray, and shuddering hang  
Watching that trembling fang,  
The lidless eye,

Death's mottled livery.  
Who shall deliver, who  
But God who made me so?





## DON GORDON

### SEA

SEA is white marble waiting the stonecutter's  
hand,  
Splendid with power but formless and lost,  
Hungry for patterns, for lined and recurrent  
shapes;  
Chaos crying for symmetry, envious of mountains  
and birds  
Whose heights and migrations follow laws, return  
precisely on wings.

Ships etch wild marble, hard prows cutting clear;  
Sea-veins open, patterns form and set:  
Sea-loveliness seems measured and forever made,  
Then blue obliteration . . . salt curves coil again.

All other tracings pass, all faint designs depart . . .  
Wind-edge, sun-gold, moon fingers on the tide;  
Life crude and averse to slow shadows, soft sea-  
veins etched,  
Primal fluid sagging with beauty embryonic,  
unborn,  
Sea is the last void, chaos breathless and moving  
and mad.



## VREST TEACHOUT ORTON

### URN BURIAL

SOPHRINEY, close that bedroom door,  
I plan never to see that room again;  
Best to leave it . . . just as it was.  
No, don't even go in there to dust . . .  
I want to leave that room, fixings and all  
In the places she left them. Leave the bedclothes  
too,  
Just where she laid them back, and the two  
cushions  
In the chairs.  
She has gone . . .  
I know she'd want it left.

That's the way she'd want it.  
Even when she used to go away  
Visiting for a week or two somewhere,  
When she'd come back  
Things out of place disturbed her, made her cry,  
She wanted every thing in its own place . . .  
That's the way I aim to leave it.

She might come back . . . they say such things  
do happen,  
Stranger things have. Well, if she does,  
She'll find her things all in the drawers and closets  
Just as they were . . . just as she laid 'em there.

## HUMBERT WOLFE

### MIDNIGHT

**Y**OU too at midnight suddenly awaking  
may wonder, if you hear a step outside,  
(until your heart replies) what set it aching  
and listen, knowing that your heart has lied.

London is very quiet. Faint and far  
I hear all night the footsteps meet and part  
from my high window, and all night they are  
your footsteps softly treading down my heart.

Parting is common as death. Why should one  
phrase  
put out the noise of the world, a word so worn  
that children lisp it, darken all our days,  
and in the night blow loud as Roland's horn,

warning the armies of the spirit, lying  
by their camp-fires, when the world's all still,  
that love's bright outpost overwhelmed is dying  
in the heathen night alone beyond the hill.

It may be waking at deep midnight you  
have heard the horn and cried upon your heart,  
as I who hear it now, cry all night through:  
"O God! how better far was Roland's part."



## KILE CROOK

### MEMORIAL TO LARRY

*THE Me of then, plus circumstance,  
Plus these ten years, is Me to-day.  
Your vital self, plus lead and chance  
And half a second, is clay—clay.*

\* \* \* \*

Ten years are gone. Let's see—I've got  
A job, a house, a wife and two  
Fine children. And substantial chairs,  
A car—well, What would you?

My wife is good, my children well,  
And all is well, I guess, with me.  
So nights we take the car and ride,  
Or sit at home cosily.

Thus ten years more, and ten years more,  
And more or less, then I am spent.  
*To all the decades, coming, gone,  
You are indifferent.*

\* \* \* \*

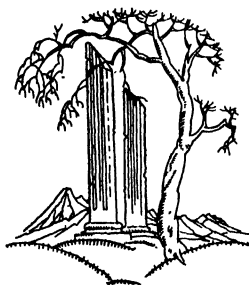
You are remembered, Larry.

You are remembered by Florence, who for love  
of you would have played the pretty fool; whose  
son is in the second grade at school; who heard of  
your death and stared on blank days. She speaks  
your praise to her bank-clerk husband.

Your mother remembers: you are her distant son;  
she is the misty-eyed speaking with honest pride,

"This was my son who died in the war." You are remembered for— she is your mother. But mothers bear mortality as well as sons. Time runs . . . Your insurance money went in government bonds. In elegant bronze you are remembered. In the Public Square is a boulder. There, on the front of the boulder, is inscribed some prose (I forget how it goes) praising Our Warrior Heroes. On the boulder's back is a bronze plaque bearing some names and your name. Your buddies remember: last December we held a re-union. And someone spoke of Larry, "— Larry." "Damn nice fellow." "He was that guy in the third platoon." "No, Larry was in the second platoon." Larry, late of some platoon, this was your meed: we agreed that you were a nice fellow. Our voices grew mellow: "Damn nice fellow." There will be other re-unions.

You are remembered, Larry, till I shall some day die. But just now I cannot recall your face.



F. L. LUCAS

BELEAGUERED CITIES

**B**UILD your houses, build your houses, build  
your towns,

Fell the woodland, to a gutter turn the brook;  
Pave the meadows, pave the meadows, pave the  
downs,

Plant your bricks and mortar where the grasses  
shook,

The wind-swept grasses shook.  
Build, build your Babels black against the sky;  
But mark yon small green blade, your stones  
between,

The single spy  
Of that uncounted host you have outcast;  
For with their tiny pennons waving green  
They shall storm your streets at last.

Build your houses, build your houses, build your  
slums,

Drive your drains where once the rabbits used to  
lurk;

Let there be no song now save the wind that hums  
Through the idle wires while dumb men tramp  
to work,

Tramp to their idle work.  
Silent the siege; none notes it; yet one day  
Men from your walls shall watch the woods once  
more

Close round their prey;  
Build, build the ramparts of your giant-town,  
Yet they shall crumble to the dust before  
The battering thistle-down.

# ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

## THE EMPRESSES

VICTORIA, Carlotta, and Eugénie  
Were young queens once, were once young  
    empresses,  
With ears pierced for their jewels, and flower-  
    shaped bonnets,  
And parasols and billowing bright dresses.  
They had young husbands once, with narrow  
    waists  
And brave moustaches. They drove satin horses  
Through shaded parks, and with small smiles  
    presided  
At dinners of innumerable courses.

Proud, they were proud, these lovely princesses.  
Victoria was determined as a stone,  
Eugénie bore the blood of Montezuma,  
Carlotta gambled for a windy throne.

One won, two lost, all three grew very old—  
Old women who, before at last they died,  
Had turned to legends, wearing on their fingers,  
Like rings, the wars demanded by their pride.



## EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

### HECTOR KANE

IF Hector Kane at eighty-five  
Was not the youngest man alive,  
Appearance had anointed him  
With undiminished youth.  
To look at him was to believe  
That as we ask we may receive,  
Annoyed by no such evil whim  
As death, or time, or truth,

Which is to doubt, if any of you,  
Seeing him, had believed him true.  
He was too young to be so old,  
Too old to be so fair.  
Beneath a snowy crown of curls,  
His cheeks that might have been a girl's  
Were certainly, if truth were told,  
Too rose-like to be there.

But Hector was a child of earth,  
And would have held of little worth  
Reflection or misgiving cast  
On his reality.  
It was a melancholy crime,  
No less, to torture life with time;  
And whoso did was first and last  
Creation's enemy.

He told us, one convivial night,  
When younger men were not so bright



Or brisk as he, how he had spared  
His heart a world of pain,  
Merely by seeing always clear  
What most it was he wanted here,  
And having it when most he cared,  
And having it again.

“You children of three-score or so,”  
He said, “had best begin to know  
If your infirmities that ache,  
Your lethargies and fears,  
And doubts, are mostly more or less  
Like things a drunkard in distress  
May count with horror, while you shake  
For counting days and years.

“Nothing was ever true for me  
Until I found it so,” said he,  
“So time for me has always been  
Four letters of a word.  
Time? Is it anything to eat?  
Or maybe it has legs and feet,  
To go so as to be unseen;  
Or maybe it’s a bird.

“Years? I have never seen such things.  
Why let your fancy give them wings  
To lift you from experience  
And carry you astray?  
If only you will not be old,  
Your mine will give you more than gold  
And for a cheerful diligence  
Will keep the worm away.

"We die of what we eat and drink,  
But more we die of what we think;  
For which you see we still as young  
At heart as heretofore.  
So here's to what's awaiting us—  
*Cras ingens interabimus*—"  
A clutch of wonder gripped his tongue,  
And Hector said no more.

Serene and inarticulate  
He lay, for us to contemplate.  
The mortal trick, we all agreed  
Was never better turned;  
Bequeathing us to time and care,  
He told us yet that we were there  
To make as much as we could read  
Of all that he had learned.



## THOMAS THORNELLY

### THE LOVELESS SEA

THE deep that lieth under  
Spake to the realms above—  
“My works abound in wonder  
But yours are crowned with love.

“Trust not that ancient story,  
Love rose not from the sea,  
In heaven she sits in glory,  
O'er earth she wanders free,

“But through my wastes of water  
Her footsteps never stray,  
Though seas run red with slaughter,  
She chides not them that slay.

“I nursed life's rude beginning,  
On earth transformed they grow,  
To count among their winnings  
The love I ne'er may know.

“There, even the tigress mother  
Will die, her young to save;  
Heaven's birds love one another  
Nought loves beneath the wave.”

# CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN

## A SONG TO CALIFORNIA

HEAR me!

I have had alkali on my boots;  
O hear my song—  
I who have had poppies on my eyes,  
California

I have wandered  
About your brown hills and your blue mountains,  
Down into your ripe green valleys  
And along your infinite roads!

*Dias dorados!*

Your golden days I have utilised  
In my vagrant wandering, pursuing your music  
As a child, meandering casually,  
Pursues romance in a museum.

O thunder and stars!

I have lain through many a long night  
By a waterhole, listening. I have heard  
The rhythmic drums of marching cattle  
In your hills under the moon.

I have stood hip-deep in your cotton,  
And shoulder-high your alfalfa has grown  
About me in the San Joaquin Valley.  
I have harvested sugar prunes  
In the Santa Clara orchards,  
Stricken with their beauty  
Even as Hercules must have been  
When he plucked the Hesperian apples!

I have sewed sacks on a harvester when your grain  
Was a flood of gold in the shutes.  
On the roads with a shovel and pick,  
On the canals with a sickle and pike,  
On the ranches, I have sweated and strained  
To become a part of you!

Gold-gold-gold! Everywhere gold!  
*El dorado!*

On your rivers, at the weirs and the dams,  
I have witnessed the salmon, leaping the ladders,  
Daring the gauntlet of spears,  
In water knee-deep, to win to the headquarters  
To spawn. I have seen the water silver  
With their pilgrimage, a pageant of glory!

I have run like the wind across your plain,  
Chasing the tumbleweed, shouting whoops,  
Wild with vigour, crazy with fever!  
I have bathed in the surges that wash upon your  
    beaches.  
I have drowsed in the sun, under the blue sky,  
On the white sand.

Your palms have spread their shade for me  
Your redwoods, your pines, your spruce,  
Your aspens, your eucalyptus, your cottonwoods!  
You have flavoured the air I breathed, with them  
And with the orange-blossoms, the cherry-  
    blossoms,  
The prune-blossoms, the apple-blossoms,  
Of your orchard gardens!  
You knew me then, California!

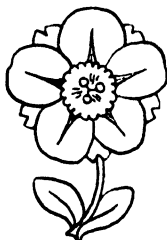
I have discovered your lakes,  
Fragments of sky in the vales of your mountains,  
Fringed with the margins of forests,  
Sapphire blue at noon  
As your heavens!

I have heard the rumble of fountains,  
Plumed gushers of oil, speaking your might  
With a roar like your rivers'  
I have danced to a chorus of turbines  
Humming a new music,  
Chanting new songs of Sierra!

Mistress of the West,  
You would sift more alkali on my old boots!  
You would place fresh poppies on my eyes!  
You would give me your brown hills and your  
blue mountains,  
Your ripe green valleys, and your infinite roads!

*Dias dorados!*

O dream of golden days!  
No mortal can ask more than you have given,  
California.  
You have given me yourself, California!



# DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

## A REMEMBERED HOUSE

SOMETIMES a house will die as men will die;  
And then the pulses of its being fail,  
And cold upon the hearth its ashes lie.

Its windows slumber, veiled with blinds that seem  
Like eyelids drooping over lifeless eyes  
Wherein lies orb'd no dear recurrent gleam.

These things befell a house I loved of old,  
But I was far away when they befell,  
I did not see it darken and grow cold.

Between me and my memory of that place  
I must be glad that there will never hang  
The pitiful image of a lifeless face.

It was an old house, sober and sedate,  
Aloof yet whimsical, austere yet warm;  
It had a paved court and a creaking gate.

Some of the walls you could not see for books,  
Calf-bound, a tawny bloom upon their leaves;  
Its unpoll'd elms were clamorous with rooks.

There were three dim urns in the dining room,  
Vaguely adorned with russet streaks and black  
And dug long since from some Etruscan tomb.

Above them hung a parson's painted head,  
With grave grey wig and seemly bands of lawn:  
He had known Dr. Johnson, it was said.

His wife hung opposite, a resolute dame  
More like Queen Charlotte than he might have  
wished,  
With cap too wide to go inside her frame.

He must have been an old philosopher  
And a collector in a modest way;  
His were the urns, and his the amethysts were;

The amethysts that beneath a glassy dome  
Lay shrined uncut, unpolished, yet beautiful  
Like frozen splinters of pale purple foam.

Climbing the shallow stairs you could rescue  
The Hogarths, see the bad apprentice haled,  
Before the good one grown an Alderman.

Now all these things are scattered and forlorn,  
And in the echoing rooms that were their own  
None who remembers them is left to mourn.

And there no more the long-drawn dusk of Spring  
Deepening outside shall give new tongues of  
light  
To the brown logs fresh-stirred and flickering.

Yet, since I did not see their gold turn grey,  
For me that house still stands, unchanged and  
dear,  
But in some nameless country far away.



## RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

### EROS

NOT all the gods are stern and grim,  
The gods of Erebus and Dis,  
But most am I afraid of him  
Whose poisoned arrow is a kiss.

Jove with his lightnings awes me not,  
Nor even Death with icy dart—  
But ah! that little god, whose lips  
Bring deathless anguish to the heart.



## ELINOR WYLIE

### PORTRAIT

"SHE gives herself;" a poetic thought;  
She gives you comfort sturdy as a reed,  
She gives you fifty things you might have bought,  
And half a hundred that you'll never need;  
She gives you friendship, but it's such a bother,  
You'd fancy influenza from another.

She'd give the shirt from off her back, except that  
She doesn't wear a shirt and most men do;  
And often and most bitterly she's wept that  
A starving tramp can't eat a silver shoe,  
Or some poor beggar, slightly alcoholic,  
Enjoy with Donne a metaphysical frolic.

She gives away her darling secret hope  
At dinner tables between eight and nine,  
And she would give Saint Peter's to the Pope,  
And coals to men of Newcastle-on-Tyne,  
She would arrange a match for Solomon  
Or give Casanova an adoptive son.

She does not give advice; that I admit;  
Here's her sole virtue, and I'll count it double,  
Forgiving her some crime because of it,  
But she gives tiresome and endless trouble,  
If you need rest, she'll straight contrive a racket;  
If gaiety, she'll fetch a padded jacket.

And she gives love of the least useful kind  
At which advanced civilisation mocks;

Half, a platonic passion of the mind,  
And half, a mad desire to mend the socks;  
She's always wishing to turn back the page  
And live with children in a golden age.

She gives a false impression that she's pretty  
Because she has a soft deceptive skin  
Saved from her childhood; yet it seems a pity  
That she should be as vain of this as sin;  
Her mind might bloom, she might reform the  
world  
In those lost hours while her hair is curled.

She gives a vague impression that she's lazy,  
But when she writes she grows intense and  
thorough;  
Gone quietly and ecstatically crazy  
Among the sea-blue hills of Peterboro',  
She'll work within her cool, conventional flat  
As self-sufficient as a Persian cat.

And she can live on aspirin and Scotch  
Or British ginger beer and bread and butter,  
And like them both, and neither very much;  
And in her infancy she possessed a stutter  
Which gives a strong impression that she's shy  
When heard to-day, and this is verity.

But when she clothes herself in gold and silver  
In the evening, she gives herself away;  
Having remained a high laborious delver  
For all the hours of a sunny day,  
At night she gives you rather the idea  
Of mad Ophelia tutored by Medea.

She gives you nothing worth consideration;  
The effervescence of enthusiasm  
Is trivial stuff; she'll give you adoration  
If you belong to her peculiar schism;  
As, that a certain English man of letters  
Need never call the Trinity his betters.

Sometimes she gives her heart; sometimes instead  
Her tongue's sharp side. Her will is quick to  
soften.

She has no strength of purpose in her head  
And she gives up entirely too often;  
Her manners mingle in disastrous ways  
"The Lower Depths" and the Court of Louis  
Seize.

Doubtless, she gives her enemies the creeps  
And all her friends a vast amount of worry;  
She's given oblivion only when she sleeps;  
She says she loves the grave; but she'd be sorry  
To die, while it is a vanity to live;  
"She gives herself"; what has she left to give?

She'd give her eyes—but both her eyes are blind—  
And her right hand—but both her hands are weak—  
To be "Careless to win, unskilled to find,  
And quick—and quick—to lose what all men seek."  
But whether this has truly been her story  
She'll never know, this side of purgatory.

## JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

### IN MOUNT HOLLY

HERE beyond hope is all that death shall hold  
of me,

This brown Arkansas hillside, dreaming through  
depth of mid-winter, alone in the southland;

Under the dove-grey low-swung cloud come up  
from the Gulf to scatter

Its benediction of deep rain, endlessly flashing and  
pouring;

Here, in the drift of the years,

From the seas I have crossed, and the lands I have  
known, and the struggles

I have faced with the steady river of time marching  
on through my vitals,

I have come back to this point of repose, to these  
stones side by side in the grass,

Turning as the earth turns against far Orion's fierce  
whirlwind of stars.

They greet me unseeing, these graves;

Mute symbols of life accomplished, made noise-  
lessly perfect,

Quieted by the cold hands of death that suddenly  
seize on the body

In an hour unexpected, as a thief in the night,  
running free with the tale of man's days;

Yet not to be loosed from the soil till the sphere  
splits its core and is shattered

Like a ripe seed pod crammed full with thick seed  
of expectancies, memories, and failures:

Their dumb thought trails on in the soil while I  
in the high world above them

Lift up thin eager hands to the sky and cry to the  
sun's dying splendor.

Here beyond hope is all that death shall take of me,  
The blood that is mine, and yet theirs, the tower,  
the base and the framework;  
The building not reared by man's hands, but  
shaped in the night and the silence,  
The framework of the body fashioned as theirs,  
for the blood through the generations  
Repeats the same tale of Eden lost and Paradise  
darkly forgotten:  
When the stars hang low in the sky and two souls  
become as one body  
Straining past hope and despair to a timeless consum-  
mation,  
Which is as the wedding-song of God mating the  
stars without number.  
Here does the last life wait,  
Crouched in its stronghold of bone behind the  
slow-vanishing sinew,  
A spark without issue, a last ache of lust, a slow  
tide merging and dying  
Into the running of quick hidden sap and the thin  
dumb flame of the grass.

Out of what chasms of fire,  
Out of what lavalike torrents life sprung at the  
outset neither I nor these graves can re-  
member;  
They have become turf-covered dumb mouths  
opening below to the waters under the  
earth,

Which burst forth but once in the flood, and since  
then have ever been silent.

Into what dark seas we flow

I know not at all—I remember

Only the sunlight that lays a soft pencil of shadow  
to sleep on the grass;

The tramp of the black-clad pallbearers, the words  
spoken or sung, the lowering of the coffin  
to earth.

Here beyond hope, beyond dreams,

Under this soft and lazy sky dreaming in depth of  
mid-winter,

Where the sweetgum casts to the earth its brown  
prickly balls, where the holly

Flashes its scarlet clusters, where the feathery pine  
sways its thin needles,

Where the red haw blazes with berries threaded  
bright on long outspraying stems,

Where the conelike fount of the magnolia spreads  
downwards a billion of leathery-green leaves,

Where the acorn lies split on the stone, its yellow  
sustenance wasted:

Here was I fashioned and made

By those who now sleep in the earth at my feet,  
as they by others forgotten.

Their speech was my speech, their dream was my  
dream, it was given

Beyond the cloud's arbitrament of rain to create,  
or the slow earth's power to destroy.

And I pause ere I go,

And stretch out my hands to these worn stones,  
smoothing them over and over,

Repeating their names which no one but I now  
remembers,  
Praying that they may somehow bless me;  
These who have given me life and so many dreams  
On this brown Arkansas hillside, quiet in depth of  
midwinter:  
Out of this army of graves facing eastward I single  
out but these two stones,  
I wailingly beseech them  
With the tears of the spirit torn against life and its  
days,  
In this place where so many tears have been shed  
and mortal lives brought to the awe  
Of the open portals of death, beyond hope, beyond  
dreams;  
I kneel and weep as a man weeps,  
I cry out aloud as a man cries,  
'Let that which is mine and yet yours, this memory  
transient, this passion,  
Marked by the cross of Christ on those stones,  
marked in my heart by time's ebbing,  
Be with me now forever wherever I go.'





## LEW SARETT

### BROKEN DRAKE

**T**HROUGH harrowing hours now, O broken  
drake,  
I've watched you, from my shelter in these reeds,  
Struggling to lift your splendour from this lake  
That holds you, crippled, in a net of weeds.

How desperately you circle round and round  
Your patch of open water in the rice,  
Seeking to break from chill white nights that  
hound  
You down with inexorable inching ice.

When rending hunger in your calls, what fright,  
When, wedge on wedge, the homing ducks swing  
low,  
Gabbling their counsel to aid you in your plight,  
To win you from the clutch of the grinding floe.

What flutter of shattered bone, what anguished cry  
And frenzied frustrate lunge, O lonely thing,  
When, wedge on wedge, they wheel and let you  
lie—  
To sink back, panting, on your splintered wing.

Futile your hope; November night will crowd  
Your flesh to sleep on a green and glassy bed,  
Cover you gently with a snows shroud,  
And chant for you in the rushes at your head.

## SIEGFRIED SASOON

### EVERYMAN

THE weariness of life that has no will  
To climb the steepening hill;  
The sickness of the soul for sleep and to be still.  
And then once more the impassioned pigmy fist  
Clenched cloudward and defiant;  
The pride that would prevail, the doomed protagonist  
Grappling the ghostly giant.  
Victim and venturer turn by turn; and then  
Set free to be again  
Companion in repose with those who once were  
men.



## H. S. MACKINTOSH

### BALLADE OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL POET

I SENT my tragic poem "The Vendetta"  
To that unworthy rag—*The Butterfly*,  
Together with a long and careful letter  
Which proved that only Shelley could outvie  
My "Rose-bud" sonnet and my lines—"Good-  
bye!"

My twelve-page blank-verse "Epic of Stamboul". .  
"The Editor regrets . . ." They made reply;  
The Editor appears to be a fool.

My lyric "Pep," my business dirge "The Debtor"  
I sent to *Boost* (Live Literature N.Y.),  
My stirring work—The Rhymes of a "Go-Getter,"  
My rattling piece of verse "The Cheerful Guy,"  
I even sent them "Thoughts on Going Dry,"  
I don't take so much trouble as a rule:—  
They pleaded lack of space (a stupid lie);  
The Editor appears to be a fool.

I said: "Perhaps the Moderns may be better,"  
And on *The Scarlet Urge* I thought I'd try  
My threnody called "Glumph," my arietta  
Of three words forty times repeated: Aye!  
And "Oedipus Unreeled"—(my brow is high):  
But, though they matched the Ultra-Neo School,  
No answer was vouchsafed—I can't think why.  
The Editor appears to be a fool.

#### Envoy

Prince, on your undeserving monthly I  
Do now confer this ballade. (Please keep cool.)  
To you I'm sure these words will *not* apply:—  
"The Editor appears to be a fool."(?)

## MACKNIGHT BLACK

NEW YORK

SURELY no one dreamt this sky-going city,  
And no one thought of it in beauty, before it was.

Certain men with their elbows on office tables  
And men with their arms shaken by air-drills  
And other men with their lime-cracked shoes on  
the rungs of ladders,  
Set this city in its place slowly.

And they dreamt,  
Between pen-strokes and hods and rivets,  
Of warm food for their mouths and women for  
their arms  
And soft places for shoulder and thigh  
After the days of their labour.

It was well enough they had these visions  
And no more;  
That from their desires and the cunning of their  
bodies  
And the deep clay of Manhattan,  
Skyward this city came, as a jonquil comes,  
Unbruised with imaginings.

R. G. T. COVENTRY

SOLITUDE

THIS is a lonely place,  
And old in dreams; the woods  
Fold in their wide embrace  
Unravished solitudes.

Here, while still evening falls  
And the grey light grows less,  
Peace builds the shadowy walls  
Of ancient quietness.

Her hands uprear the gloom,  
And evermore round me  
The vast unshuttered room  
Of night grows silently.

'She has such mighty guests  
To furnish for and keep,  
For here old Saturn rests,  
And Time comes home to sleep.



## CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

### SHE TROUPES TO CONQUER

[*A Prologue for the Old Rialto Theatre, Hoboken,  
New York, . . December 10, 1928.*]

LIGHTS, Henny!<sup>1</sup>

And then Henny gives us lights  
To illustrate our new Hoboken Nights.  
Now for a moment, while there hangs between us  
Our favorite Psyche at the Court of Venus<sup>2</sup>  
A word before the ancient canvas rises.  
What is it that our curtain symbolizes?  
Suggestions have been made, conjectures vain,  
Interpretations sacred and profane:—  
The Muse of Movies, suppliant for her sins?  
The Spirit seeking Where the Blue Begins?  
Perhaps the Nymph of Cocktails we have here  
Abashed before the Purity of Beer.  
At least the blazon painted down below<sup>3</sup>  
Is understandable and apropos—  
Three hour glasses: three hours of relaxation—  
The other emblem<sup>4</sup> needs no explanation.  
And see the little peephole, noting how  
The cloth is stained by many a moistened brow  
Where the Manager, the Drama's anxious  
    spouse,  
Peered and perspired and counted up the  
House.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Kuntze, the electrician.

<sup>2</sup> The painting on the curtain.

<sup>3</sup> Insignia of the Three Hours for Lunch Club.

<sup>4</sup> A seidel of Beer, symbolising Hoboken.

The curtain brightens, and this well-loved place  
Lifts by some magic into finer grace:  
By rich tradition of the trouper's trade,  
By memories of all who here have played,  
By love and laughter, in her frolic age  
She brews us the pure Lethe of the stage.  
There is no moonlight sweeter than her spots,  
Her footlights burn with something more than  
watts—

For all who face that mystic line of fire  
Rise for a moment past all mean desire:  
Beyond that radiant nimbus in the air  
There might be all the world, or no one there—  
The greenest extra in the smallest bit  
Knows he's immortally alone with it;  
The most habitual ego, greedy elf,  
Responds to something greater than himself—  
This is the Highest Common Factor  
And special honor of the actor.

Our Hudson Street, investigation yields,  
Was once the site of the Elysian Fields  
And still preserves, adventurers have found,  
The humors of that famous picnic ground.  
Here, free from Mazda Lane's monoxide scent,  
Without New York's huge profit—and huge rent—  
Here, on this last unspoiled Bohemian coast,  
We staked our claim, ejaculating Pros't!  
But humble as we are, we have our pride:  
Sometimes we hang the S. R. O. outside.  
The merriest antics shown upon this scene  
Could not be happier than we have been.  
Consider, if our scheme surprises you,  
That Shakespeare played Across the River too.

Time to ring up! I add, to close these rhymes,  
That we were christened, by the New York *Times*,  
“A merger of Thalia and Gambrinus.”  
What rôle more pleasing could the gods assign us?  
Whether you come from far away or near,  
Whether you come for drama or for beer,  
Remember, in apportioning your bounty,  
The only legit. house in Hudson County—  
Remember, in your evenings unbespoken,  
The Old Rialto Theatre, Hoboken!





## NORAH ROBINSON

### A LAMENT

THEY gave me comedy: and decked my head  
With tinsel and with spangles. All my lines  
Were laughtermakers, so at least they said  
(People will crowd round anything that shines).

But in my heart was searching agony  
Because God showed in the eyes of a captive bird  
And the secret of life was lost in the heart of a tree  
And I, who knew all this could say no word.

Often above the stale and tawdry smells  
I caught and lost a passing primrose breath,  
A ghost of a wind that had stroked the first bluebells  
And brought us blue though they were brown  
with brittle death.

Sometimes I saw a face that might have known,  
Sometimes the turn of a hand meant ecstasy  
But the soul of the face was blotted with laughter,  
blown  
Away; and the hand was lost in applauding me.

Oh but some day will surely give this grim first  
play an end  
And draw a curtain of close turf above my raddled face;  
I ask no second chance to play, I'd have the wind  
for friend  
And with the dust of daffodils be blown from  
place to place,

Seeking the things our laughter hid, the truth our  
smiles denied  
The music drowned in merriment: the beauties  
that abide.



## DON GORDON

### THE WAILING WALL

HARVESTS pass and turbans pass and scimitars  
go by;  
Jerusalem in its ancient way is wise;  
It basks and keeps its wailing wall . . . and smiles.

These stones hold cool, immobile breasts  
Where patriarchal hands still beat their knotted  
grief  
And women lean upon the weeping dusk.

All cities need low wailing walls apart;  
Sun and stone and star respect the unshamed cry  
And honey-laden hills stand druid for this rite.

Desolation under roofs is agony twice-borne,  
Taut sorrow gasps like flame along the streets;  
O cities, rear for us a forum made for pain!

Sharp grasses use the dust of Babylon,  
But Jerusalem has wine;  
O cities, make a place for weeping, carve a niche  
for tears!



## ORGILL MACKENZIE

### THE CORMORANT

SEA-STRICKEN waste  
Of bent and ling,  
Whereover song-birds haste  
And never sing.

I left my warm  
Dream-laden room  
For joyance of the storm  
And the breakers' boom.

And only I  
And a bird beside,  
Though Dwarick cliffs are high  
And dunes are wide,

We twain,  
For joy besought,  
Came, and the others, fain  
But afraid, came not.

He a sea-raven  
On a salt rock;  
While other birds found haven,  
He made mock

With the winds and me.  
Tumult of mirth  
From the green-lucent sea  
Clawing the earth;

Bleak skirts of hail  
From the tumbling skies,  
Sweeping above the frail  
White spume as it flies

Like hair from each  
Great wave as it breaks;  
Shells pestled on the beach  
In crunching flakes,

Sucked back, and spewed  
With sound of silk  
Among the rocks, and strewed  
As white as milk;

Thud of the blue  
Boulders, the crash  
Of tawny sea-weeds through  
A heaving wash;

Rattle of sand  
In the sparse bent;  
And sky and sea and land  
One element.

And I was glad  
With the fierce and gay  
Abandon of the mad  
Dance of the day.

The cormorant stept  
Astraddle a rock;  
I laughed at the inept  
Staggering walk.

The cormorant slid  
Into the geo,  
His demon darkness hid  
In leaping snow;

Where waves no more  
Rebuild and the floods  
Fail, proud vavator  
Of watery roods

He kinged it there  
On hidden feet,  
And sateless sought for fair  
Or foul to eat.

The air sped fast  
In gasping breaths,  
The foam fled past  
In broken wreaths,

The tempest yawned  
In my face, replete  
With merriment, and spawned  
A dead thing at my feet.

It had no face:  
It had clothes: no eyes,  
But it glazed with ghaster gaze  
Than cockatrice.

Sea-stricken waste  
Of bent and ling,  
Wherover song-birds haste  
And never sing;

And only I  
And that visitant  
Untoward, and the mocking cry  
Of the cormorant.



EMILY DICKINSON

"I RECKON WHEN I COUNT IT ALL"

I RECKON when I count it all,  
First Poets—then the Sun—  
Then Summer—then the—  
Heaven of God—  
And then the list is done.  
But looking back—the first so seems  
To comprehend the whole—  
The others look a needless show.  
So I write Poets—All.  
This summer lasts a solid year,  
They can afford a Sun  
The East would deem  
Extravagant,  
And if the final Heaven  
Be beautiful as they disclose  
To those who trust in them,  
It is too difficult a grace  
To justify the Dream.



## EDMUND BLUNDEN

AT SENLIS ONCE

*(In 1916, during the Battle of the Somme).*

HOW comely it was and how reviving  
When with clay and with death no longer  
striving

Down firm roads we came to houses  
With women chattering and green grass thriving.

Now though rains in a cataract descended,  
We could glow, with our tribulation ended—  
Count not days; the present only  
Was thought of, how could it ever be expended?

Clad so cleanly, this remnant of poor wretches  
Picked up life like the hens in orchard ditches,  
Gazed on the mill-sails, heard the church-bell,  
Found an honest glass all manner of riches.

How they crowded the barn with lusty laughter,  
Hailed the pierrots and shook each shadowy rafter,  
Even could ridicule their own sufferings,  
Sang as though nothing but joy came after!



## R. E. HIERONYMUS

### "INTERCONNECTION"

MEN, seated about a table, littered with charts,  
See the power idea blossom into its youth.  
They have created a giant, and, feeling his muscles,  
They propose a stern test for this young Hercules.  
"Now the time is ripe," the chairman rises to say,  
"When the old boundaries must fall. Let us hitch up  
This servant of ours in a tremendous harness;  
Let us harness him to-day to half the nation."

*Flash, O primordial power unleashed!*  
*Shake off the sleep of a million years!*  
*Strike, lightning enslaved, descend where we bid—*  
*Scourge of the ancients, bow to our will!*

A voice from Crookesville leaps over the mighty  
wires,  
Mingling with the Kilowats of the gods, and freed  
again;  
"Hello, Philo! Let me talk to McFarland, please—  
This is Tommy Williams, speaking from Crookes-  
ville.  
Hello, McFarland, is Windsor all ready now?  
Chicago is waiting to join the Ohio group."  
Tommy Williams, the little man with the big  
voice—  
Tommy Williams, harnessing ten million horses.

Chicago, hold ready your million horsepower;  
Boston, make ready your high pressure turbine.  
Milwaukee, Waukegan, Twin Branch and Toledo,  
Philo, down there on the sleepy Musgingum,

Wake you this day to the pulse of a nation,  
Wake you this day to the work of the world!  
Gird up your loins, Mussel Shoals and Atlanta,  
Join in the circuit from Gulf to Great Lakes,  
Join in the pool from the Lakes to the seaboard;  
Hitch your wagon to a new constellation  
In this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and  
twenty-eight!

We're going to count on your guiding hand,  
Windsor—  
Goliath down there on the muddy Ohio!  
We hear your synchronous drums, your poles  
whirring,  
Setting the mighty labor stroke for the others,  
Setting a new pace for the work of the world.

Pittsburgh, come into this mighty transfusion—  
Spare us a pint of your life-giving blood, will you,  
To haul an electric train in from the suburbs?  
Joliet, through in the master controller-switch,  
Put your strong plainsman's shoulder to the wheel  
To turn yet faster those New England spindles,  
What's the matter with the new circuit, Kingsport?  
Set your relays up if the switches won't stay in.  
Do you want the long coal-trains to stall on the hills,  
Or the loop elevators to stop half-way up the shaft?  
Cleveland, awake from your slumber and lethargy,  
Enter the life-giving ring—to far horizons  
Energise your gleaming cables, join in the chain!

Hello, Richmond, the New England streams are  
dwindling,

Must we tell those drab valley towns, where the  
lathes are lagging,  
That we haven't a crust for them? Give them a  
hand—  
What are a thousand kilowatts, anyway!  
What are ten thousand kilowatts among ten  
million!

Tie into it quickly, you turbines at Calumet!  
They're christening your huge successors even now  
At Schenectady and South Philadelphia;  
And tomorrow's children stir harshly in the womb,  
Taking form and substance in the shops at Fort  
Wayne.

Phase in your last turbo-generator, Crawford—  
What's the matter, are your transformers getting  
hot?

Turn the fire-hose on them—shades of Edison,  
Can't your apparatus carry an overload?  
Do you want Roanoke to make bricks without  
straw?

Pull your feet out of the mediæval ages—  
Don't you know this is the blossom time of power?  
Don't you know history when you see it made?

The last of the turbines settles under the yoke.  
North has met South; westward the plain extends  
Over the ancient hills, conquering old barriers.  
Behold the thousand-mile triangle, filling  
The strength of six million plunging steam horses,  
And four million more from the lucid potent  
waters!

Mark the hoofbeats of ten million horses,

Tirelessly toiling in a common harness,  
Faithful to share a common load.  
On loaded wires the roll-call of the states  
Has left the gears of half the nation meshed  
By a norn power, unseen, intangible.

*Flash, O primordial power unleashed!—  
Shake off the sleep of a million years.  
Strike, lightning enslaved, descend where we bid;  
Scourge of the ancients, bow to our will!*



## W. FORCE STEAD

### HIS NYMPH GOES BOTANIZING

*To Cicely Aged 15*

"TOMORROW," said my Nymph, "I'll go  
And botanize with you"; and so,  
Tomorrow, in the curious way  
That tomorrows have, became today;  
And we have roamed about for hours,  
Poking our noses into flowers.

Skirting the cedar of Lebanon,  
The pond with lily-pads afloat,  
The owl-inhabited barn, and on  
By nut-grove and by pigeon-cote,  
We rifled meadow, lane and hedge,  
Down to the reed-grown water-edge.  
So deep the marsh, we sought the stile,  
Stood on a low stone bridge awhile;  
A snipe shot up, away it went  
And left a sense of wonderment;  
We heard its loud, then distant drumming,  
The bird had gone; the spring is coming.

But spring, as yet, just peeping out,  
Not many flowers have got about.  
Still, every time I saw you lean  
Over a leaf with quickened sight,  
Some blossom, hitherto unseen,  
Stood up as in a ray of light:  
Not buttercup, not aconite,  
Not primrose and not celandine;  
You, you, it was, that made them shine.

April's the time of coming things,  
Of hopes and faithful promisings;  
So, while the dog-rose only flings  
A stem where even the leaves are shy,  
It will have roses by and by.  
Bramble is worse, for he's no better  
Than thriftless tramp or hopeless debtor,  
For look, how shabbily he goes  
In weathered leaves, old worn-out clothes.  
You smiled upon my hedgerow tramp,  
Then pointed to a silver lamp,—  
Stitchwort, or Star of Bethlehem,  
Brightening the dead leaves, dull and damp:  
Yet it was you that brightened them  
More than the Star of Bethlehem.

Now in the stream the reeds are growing,  
Sworded rushes their blades are showing;  
With tiny flowers the water-cress  
Scatters a wide faint starriness.  
Half-hid in grass, yet twinkling through,  
Ground-ivy winks its eyes of blue.  
Here's shepherd's-purse on a farmyard wall,  
Gold-moss and stone-crop, meek and small.  
Then, at their feet, that woolly weed,  
Groundsel with puff of fluffy seed.  
Well-named, and sounding rather silly,  
Here's the persistent sticky-billy.  
Still, it is you, and only you,  
Not windflower and not columbine,  
That tells me spring begins to shine.

Old moody oak looks winter-grim,  
Spite of brownleaf-buds on the limb,

Yet by his moss-embedded root  
Wild strawberry blossoms promise fruit,  
And wild geranium tall and slim  
Bears a delicate maiden grace.  
How prettily the cuckoo-flower  
Woos diamonds from a wealthy shower!-  
Pitching their tents in a woodland space,  
These lords-and-ladies well may be  
An exiled aristocracy;  
Enquire their names, and we shall find  
Orlando and his Rosalind.

Nymph, you would turn a cottage garden  
Into the fairy glades of Arden!  
When I am darkness through and through,  
Magic casement!-I come to you,  
And the world opens, fresh and new.

Mind is a kingdom; take the throne  
And lead your flowery subjects on.  
Heart is a temple; you the priest,  
And flowers are guests at our love-feast.  
Do some escape us?—Out, again,  
My Nymph!—by highway, hedge and lane,  
Those loitering wedding guests to find  
For our great feast of heart and mind.





## HELENE MULLINS

### TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE

**L**ORD God in Heaven, attend;  
We are here to judge a man.  
Be Thou in this tragic hour his friend,  
None on a jury can.

Thou in the light, we in the dark,  
When the scales of justice tilt,  
How shall we find the outward mark  
Of innocence or guilt?

Lord God, we are gathered here  
To analyse a crime.  
What if we blunder through rage or fear,  
Or lack of sufficient time?

How can we tell what label's best  
To put to a prisoner's name?  
How may we know in the selfsame test  
We wouldn't have done the same?

Thou who art merciful and just,  
We who are passion-swayed,  
How shall we judge a man (since we must)  
Like to our image made.

## H. BONAR

### FRONT-PAGE STUFF

CARRY this woman and her lover out together,  
Swear at the crowd and tell them "Gangway  
there, God damn you!"

Shove them quickly into the ambulance and let  
the coroner

Tell the reporters, "Dead as hell—he drilled 'em  
both."

Where will we bury these lovers? Will they lay  
them,

Breast to breast and hungry mouth to mouth,

In the same grave as naked as they died?

Or will they ship him home to a far place to be  
sorrowed over,

And will they find a dress she had, nice enough,

So that the shameless little blue veins in her delicate

Pointed breasts may be decently covered for burial?

What preacher will they get (with a white collar  
Closed in front to symbolise the integrities)

Will he be perfectly at ease, and know

Just what he is going to say above these bodies?

Will he start out by saying, "Dearly beloved"—

And then go on to mention what the wages of  
sin is?

And these lovers . . . one would judge

To look at the strange smiles on their faces

That they had scarcely noticed even that rattle  
of the door, and the flare of the six-gun  
splintering their bones,

That they are a little indifferent  
To what the preacher says or avoids saying about  
them,  
That they remember only . . . perhaps . . . an  
aching whisper in a stairway . . . a sweet  
strange throbbing darkness . . . something  
... perhaps ... that the bullets couldn't break.



# HAROLD EDWIN BRADING

## THE GAUNTLET

I WILL devise a doughty sampler  
And your white fingers work its grace,  
That we may trouble Time, the trampler  
Of all the gardens of the days.

It shall be brave with red and russet,  
Sea-blue and silver, and rare dyes.  
Till whispering men and maids discuss it  
With trembling lips and shining eyes.

In kinglly colours we shall work it;  
From Aries to Pisces, track  
The flying splendour that's the circuit  
Of the gold wheel of the zodiac.

We shall have January showing  
A strange dawn, washed in wondering rose,  
Where sudden spires stab starward, going  
Up from a city no man knows.

Flooded fields next, that gleam and glister;  
And windless banks new-tenanted  
By the first snowdrop, our white sister,  
With her shy, little, drooping head.

Thus February. Then, grey arrows  
Shall portray March gusts whistling "Whew"  
O'er brown lands hungry for the harrows;  
And teams 'neath skies of wind-blown blue.

For April, broider blackthorn blossoms,  
(Ask of "Our Lady of the Pearls");  
With sheaves of bluebells 'gainst the bosoms  
And quiet breasts of country girls.

May shall be set in flowered fashion,  
Like some board where a great king sups:  
Lilac . . . lilies . . . and the golden passion  
Of a million enamelled buttercups.

June . . . roses edging dove-grey panels,  
Where men in tawny meads do scar  
With scythes great swathes like deep green  
                  channels,  
Under a moon-green morning star.

Sun-bright lands for July . . . small apples  
Lost on the deep-leaved orchard boughs;  
. . . Blue pools that reflect the purple dapples  
On the coats of honey-coloured cows.

August, depicting corn-lands marly,  
In miniature . . . and all that sighed  
Wind-wonder, where the bearded barley  
Sways blue-grey ripples, acre-wide.

September, long lights on darkening stubble  
And over a dusk of blue and bronze,  
High shadows . . . wild wings . . . and the  
                  endless trouble  
Like silver tremors, of flying swans.

October shall be one fire-flung onset  
Where a cataract of kings ride down  
On tall steeds through a wine-dark sunset  
To a great green twilight, where they drown.

Your trial (but triumph) shall be November;  
Etched black on grey, till by degrees  
The shadows take shape: men shall remember  
Winds . . . bare branches . . . and silences.

Not, for December, threads upraising . . .  
Yule-log . . . gift-tree, in coloured thrums,  
But on black skies one white star blazing  
For sign a king, long awaited, comes.

\* \* \* \*

What could be greater? What be grander?  
Old Time shall see it, and confess,  
(Ere his moths rend it) . . . forced to candour,  
The challenge of its loveliness.



## SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

### CLOUD

THE cloud assumes fantastic shapes  
Of beasts and continents and capes;  
Of island, mountain, monolith,  
And hybrid fauna out of myth.  
I've seen the knights of Arthur's court  
Themselves among its towers disport;  
The silver griffon charge the sun  
And once, a gold Napoleon.

Alas, that her ambition leaps  
The steed that walks, the man who creeps,  
And girt for conquest of the sky,  
Conspires with creatures born to die!  
The turret thins; the dream is done;  
A breeze dissolves Napoleon;  
The griffon curls his pale remains  
Round Arthur's court, while Arthur rains.

Myself have charged the hilly morn  
A metaphoric unicorn;  
Have hung upon my airy heart  
A hybrid bard and Bonaparte;  
Have stormed in fabled length and flight  
The lunar headlands of delight,  
And laid fantastic paws along  
The foam-edge of the isles of song.

And yet there died upon the sky  
A sun-struck vapor that was I,  
And left no mark of myth or man

Or bard or quasi-Corsican.  
Desirous cloud, we are too wan  
For day or night to build upon,  
And all our dream of happiness  
Goes up in stream, comes down in less!





✓  
*MARTIN ARMSTRONG*

THE MIRROR

INTO this crystal world, duskily gleaming,  
You who come not again to the world of men  
Surely here might come where all is seeming,  
Nothing real. Where the old sad burden of matter  
Is fallen away, and sound is lost for ever  
And the sweet unrest of touch: where the known  
forms shatter  
To formless shards,—sheen of the moon on  
meadows,  
Rosy hues and the hueless bloom of shadows.  
A cold, pure world by the fickle light awoken,  
Gone when the light is quenched, gone when the  
gazer  
Turns away, gone when the glass is broken.

Rise in the gold-dust of reflected lamplight  
And comb your rain-dark hair, turn and reveal  
The pearl-white bloom of brow and breast and  
shoulder,  
Proud lips and grey eyes colder  
Than the cold grey edge of steel.



## LOLA RIDGE

### THE UNARMED

MUSIC is in you like a rain  
of which one thinks  
in a drought's pale agony, while a dream weaves  
its taunting silver in the boughs above  
and you think you hear, amid the strumming leaves,  
dawn shaking herself like a wet white dove;

music is in you like a wine  
of which one drinks  
as some drink poison till its ardent stain  
has spread upon the blood  
that not again shall send,  
in several harmony through each allotted vein,  
its comfort to the heart,  
but in a riving flood—  
that ever rages and must ever spend  
in burning overflow the drops that start  
to life the keening fires of the brain;

music is in you like a wind  
that in beginning is no more than a breeze  
troubling wild things behind bars  
that see the far top of trees—  
music, uncovering your scars  
while you hover like a bird charmed  
and gazing always one way.

*D. H. LAWRENCE*

WHEN I WENT TO THE CIRCUS—

WHEN I went to the circus that had pitched on  
the waste lot  
it was full of uneasy people  
frightened of the bare earth and the temporary  
canvas  
and the smell of horses and other beasts  
instead of merely the smell of man.

Monkeys rose rather grey and wizened  
on curly plump piebald ponies  
and the children uttered a little cry—  
and the dogs jumped through hoops and turned  
somersaults  
and then the geese scuttled in in a little flock  
and round the ring they went to the sound of a whip  
then doubled, and back, with a funny up-flutter  
of wings—  
and the children suddenly shouted out.

Then came the hush again, like a hush of fear.

The tight-rope lady, pink and blonde and nude-  
looking, with a few gold spangles  
footed cautiously out on the rope, turned prettily,  
spun round  
bowed, and lifted her foot in her hand, smiled,  
swung her parasol  
to another balance, tripped round, poised and  
slowly sank  
her handsome thighs down, down, till she slept  
her splendid body on the rope.

When she rose, tilting her parasol, and smiled at  
the cautious people  
they cheered, but nervously.

The trapeze man, slim and beautiful and like a fish  
in the air

swung great curves through the upper space,  
and came down like a star.

—And the people applauded, with hollow, fright-  
ened applause.

The elephants, huge and gray, loomed their  
curved bulk through the dusk and sat up,  
taking strange postures, showing the pink  
soles of their feet

and curling their precious live trunks like am-  
monites

and moving always with slow soft precision  
as when a great ship moves to anchor.

The people watched and wondered, and seemed  
to resent the mystery that lies in beasts.

Horses, gay horses, swirling round and plaiting  
in a long line, their heads laid over each other's  
necks;

they were happy, they enjoyed it;  
all the creatures seemed to enjoy the game  
in the circus, with their circus people.

But the audience, compelled to wonder,  
compelled to admire the bright rhythms of  
moving bodies,  
compelled to see the delicate skill of flickering  
human bodies

flesh flamey and a little heroic, even in a tumbling  
down,  
they were not really happy.  
There was no gushing response, as there is at the  
film.

When modern people see the carnal body dauntless  
and flickering gay  
playing among the elements neatly beyond com-  
petition  
and displaying no personality,  
modern people are depressed.

Modern people feel themselves at a disadvantage.  
They know they have no bodies that could play  
among the elements.  
They have only their personalities, that are best  
seen flat, on the film,  
flat personalities in two dimensions, imponderable  
and touchless.

And they grudge the circus people the swooping  
gay weight of limbs  
that flower in mere movement,  
and they grudge them the immediate, physical  
understanding they have with their circus  
beasts,  
and they grudge them their circus-life altogether.

Yet the strange, almost frightened shout of delight  
that comes now and then from the children  
shows that the children vaguely know how cheated  
they are of their birthright  
in the bright wild circus flesh.

ROBERT P. TRISTAN COFFIN

"AN AEROPLANE AGAINST A DAYLIT MOON"

AN aeroplane against a daylit moon  
Drops threads of organ music through the  
wind,

This is the one that crawled the ancient slime  
And in the ancient ocean dumbly finned.

This is the thing a maker made to move  
Like rings inside the column of a tree,  
This is the thing he taught to built the slow  
Cathedrals of the corals in the sea.

This is the creature told to breed and die  
With eyes unseeing as the daisies' are,  
To burn and be consumed into a dust  
And know no more of burning than a star.

Blind sculptor of a marble that could turn  
The sculptor and declare where he had spanned  
The light and dark together to his car  
The maker wrought far better than he planned!

For here was one could make the very knife  
Of love denied his heart within his ribs  
And learn of stones to sing, of bulls to bow,  
And learn how hawks have mercy in their nibs.

Catchmoon and tides and change and call them white  
Women of the changeless eyes and hair,  
Build lovelier than ever crystal dreamed,  
Outstrip the homing pigeons of the air.

Build towns and topple them again with words,  
Clutch star and rose together in his hand,  
Taste omnipotence and smiling go  
To meet the day that stops the mouth with sand.

Learn to run who must creep towards the grave,  
To fly who knows himself compact of earth,  
And see in all the everlasting doom  
Of things made beautiful a theme of mirth.

O younger god of whom the old is born!  
O sailor of the thin tides of the air!  
Tall Troy lies low behind you and before  
Towns higher than the towers of your prayer.



## RICHARD CHURCH

### THE BUILDERS

THEY did not speak, but walked beside the lake  
Watching the wild duck flying low to water  
Touched by dropped wings to spray of molten  
bronze

Against the autumn sunset. Veiled in smoke,  
And netted in the rain of shrunken leaves,  
Day died, and with it died the ghost of summer,  
The wistful light, false warmth.

They did not speak,  
These lovers who had brought the harvest in,  
Watched through the autumn over deeds of spring,  
And now were rich. They had no need for speech,  
But took their way in thankfulness, their eyes  
Half-veiled, drooping to keep the world away,  
Guarding their joy and their increasing wonder  
At this dark miracle of fruitfulness  
Amid a universe of failing powers,  
The ageing year, the old and tottering sun,  
The memory of death, youth snatched away,  
And beauty steadily bereaved by time.

Such was the world they trod, a world of ashes,  
A ruined hemisphere, yet lifted up  
In the calm strength and glory of this love,  
Renewed in death because these mortal hearts  
Had sworn a troth against their dying blood,  
And now were strong to cradle life itself;  
With their frail hands, and intuitive faith,  
Building a deathless summer in their souls.



## EDWIN MUIR

### THE STATIONARY JOURNEY

HERE at my earthly station set,  
The revolutions of the year  
Bear me bound and only let  
This astronomic world appear.

Yet if I could reverse my course  
Through ever-deepening yesterday,  
Retrace the path that brought me here,  
Could I find a different way?

I would see eld's frosted hair  
Burn black again, and passion rage  
On to its source and die away  
At last in childhood's tranquil age.

Charlemagne's death-palsied hand  
Would move once more and never rest  
Until, by deadlier weakness bound,  
It strove against his mother's breast.

Saint Augustine gives back his soul  
To stumble in the endless maze,  
And after Jesus Venus stands  
In the full centre of men's gaze,

While still from death to life to nought  
Gods, dynasties and nations flit;  
Yet for a while among the sand  
Unchanged the changing Pharaohs sit.

Fast the horizons empty; now  
Nothing's to see but wastes and rocks,  
And on the thinning Asian plans  
A few wild shepherds with their flocks.

\* \* \* \*

So back or forward, still we strike  
Through Time and touch its dreaded goal.  
Eternity's the fatal flaw  
Through which run out world, life and soul.

And there in transmutation's blank  
No mortal eye has ever read,  
Or told what soul and shape are, there,  
Blue wave, red rose and Plato's head.

For there eternal Being in  
Solidity more pure than stone  
Sleeps through the circle, pillar, arch,  
Spiral, cone and pentagon.

To the mind's eternity I turn  
With leaf, fruit, blossom on the spray,  
See the dead world grow green within  
Imagination's one long day.

There while outstretched upon the Tree  
Christ looks across Jerusalem's towers,  
Adam and Eve unfallen yet  
Sleep side by side within their bowers.

Th... ..ile fast in the Roman snare  
The Carthaginian thinks of home,  
A child carefree in Carthage streets  
Hannibal fights a little Rome;

David and Homer tune their harps,  
Gaza is up, sprung from its wreck,  
Samson stands free, Delilah's shears  
Join his strong ringlets to his neck.

A dream! The astronomic years  
Patrolled by stars and planets bring  
Time led in chains from post to post  
Of the conquering Zodiac ring.



EDGAR LEE MASTER

GETTYSBURG

**A**MID the hush of the distant hills which house  
The sleeping meadows, oak-leaves loose and fall  
Across the sunlight, and along the rhythmical  
Wash of the air upon this shore of boughs.

Leaves drift around the bronzes; but over the  
grass  
Of the field where Pickett's men defied  
The grape-shot, cannon, and who died,  
The shadows of October's clouds repass.

No shouts arise from the vanished garrisons;  
No sound is here of wounded man or steed;  
Meade stares at Lee, and Lee at Meade  
Across a mile of pasture, eyed in bronze,

Where flies the solitary crow. Beyond  
The spires of Gettysburg the skies implore;  
And near the cattle graze, and grackles soar  
Where the air is tranced as by a wizard's wand,

Till now it is a suspended mood whose gleam  
Is like an invisible crystal which enspheres  
The souls it veils, who with Elysian ears  
List the far voice of undiscovered dream.

This stillness is the indifference of the sky,  
The tranquil Muses behind the mountains hid,  
Who suffer the Fate's beginning, nor forbid,  
Nor ask the battle, nor mourn the tragedy.

Still they are brooding in their fanes afar;  
And now they stir the oak-leaves with their breath,  
Saying there is no life, neither is death,  
Nor victors, nor defeated, nor fame, nor war;

But only music at last out of the dreams of these  
As the one reality which overtones the mime,  
The landscape, nations, races, even time,  
Quiring eternal Nature whose heart is peace.



## HERBERT E. PALMER

### THE OFFSPRING OF HEAVEN AND HELL: A DOUBLE ALLEGORY

THE Angel sent to Man crouched in the meads,  
Hiding from trafficking towns and roadways'  
ringing.

And she was strange arrayed in gipsy weeds,  
Green fluttering rags, blue patches to them  
clinging.

She'd taken human form, because worn creeds  
Had banished God and sent Him sunwards  
winging.

She, and not He; though He it has been written;  
I have not erred; I am not falsehood-smitten.

She seemed a slut, though starry, not of strumpets.  
Full oft she seems a slut to swells in chariots,  
To men who drive swift horses, blow loud  
trumpets,

And turn a pampered cheek to ermined Harriets.  
This Bride of God was cooking, -baking crumpets,  
Beans, hard potatoes, and elf nuts called  
"scariets,"

When Satan saw her sitting near the fire;  
And Satan's soul was shaken with desire.

Satan was shouting oaths and drinking whisky,  
Or if not whisky it was elfin water;  
In skins he was, all wild-beast clad, mad-frisky,  
Cutting queer capers, gamesome as he caught her.  
He would have kissed her mouth, but deemed it  
risky,

She drawing back and questioning why he  
sought her;  
Then, pitiful, she offered a potato;  
He looked so blistered, Hell had burnt him so.

She saw him through the flesh, that dark deceiver,  
And God looked down, and would not interfere.  
She did not know he was the spirit's reiver,  
But murmured soothing words, and called him  
"Dear."

And he, desiring not to vex or grieve her,  
Ate the potato, bit a cake in fear,  
Wondering if her Spouse would quit the skies  
And turn each grain of food to torturing flies.

And so this bride of God, this fay of Heaven,  
This moth of wonder, hoverer from far spheres  
Was wooed of Satan seven days and nights seven,  
Forgetting who she was, whence her compeers.  
And Satan sullied her with Hell's dark leaven,  
And kissed her amaranth mouth, and calmed her  
fears;

And then he left her in the meadows wild  
The day he knew that she was quick with child.

And as her time drew near she left the meads,  
The dripping dingles and the woodland spaces,  
And knocked at rich men's doors, and told her  
needs,  
Searched every heart, and scanned all human  
faces.

"Oh! take me in," she whimpered, "My heart  
bleeds  
From childbirth terror; I'm in fettering traces."

But all men shook their heads, and closed the door  
Coldly; or struck her pitiful face—and swore.

O! thus it is God's angels are maltreated,  
The Holy Ghost in fetters deep despised,  
Detested, spat on, very vilely cheated;  
It is the gilded Form that's finely prized.  
And so, not angry, but her hopes defeated,  
When Man's dark soul she'd plummeted and  
sized,  
She left the friendless streets of town and village,  
And sought a refuge far from human tillage.

Nine days she walked; then reached the salty  
beaches;  
She could no further without taking ship;  
And that's the thing a starving sojourn teaches—  
Disowned, seek port, and give harsh land the slip.  
She saw a vessel in the harbour reaches,  
Its canvas monsoon-filled, prow on the dip.  
The sailors nodded, smiled, and let her enter;  
None asked her name, her purpose, or who sent  
her.

Eastwards away they sailed, a seven weeks' blunder  
Through scampering seas and roaring hurri-  
canes;  
The skies ran thick with flame and crackling  
thunder.  
"Gods! Help!" they cried, "We'll flounder  
'neath these rains."  
And all seemed lost, when they discerned—Strange  
Wonder!—



A fair green island 'mid the oceans plain;  
The circling waves shone soft as spagnum mosses,  
And ended seemed their bitterest pains and losses.

And here they landed, and the woman left them,  
She who had saved their bodies from the seas,  
Steered timbers round the rocks that else had cleft  
them,

Yet all unconscious of the half of these.  
Though of her power she never clean bereft them,  
But left her spiritual presence on the scree,  
And on the glistening surf and saffron beaches,  
And on the resinous planks and blue sea-reaches.

And she?—she wandered over hill and mountain,  
Through dale and dingle, vale, and bilberry  
coomb,  
Past waterfall and tinkling rill and fountain,  
Seeking a cell of rest, a sheltering room.  
But none she found; deserted was the mountain,  
Lonely the valley, all the glades breathed gloom;  
She found no human soul upon that island.  
Forlorn as ravening seas seemed all the dry land.

Then swift her time came on her, and she rested  
Beside a miry bog beneath the moon.  
The summer trees around shone emerald crested.  
“Wild Land!” she cried, “My child shall bring  
you boon.

My loins with terrible power have you invested;  
Strange progeny your wastes shall people soon.  
*Come to me, Spirits of Earth, and Sky, and Water!*  
*Know me, your noble Ferment, the Void's daughter!”*

Two days and nights she travailed, lonely grieving;  
But she was comforted by Earth and Sky.  
The trailing clouds, their rainbows for her weaving,  
Murmured sweet music as they drifted by.  
The woodland fays, their crystal grottoes leaving,  
Imbued the fragrant air with carol and cry.  
And all the glade was loud with fairy ringing.  
Bright flower-bells tinkled to the thrushes' singing.

And goblin-men came out with knives and brushes,  
And slew the snakes and serpents in the ferns:  
They fetched her berries from the bramble bushes,  
And speckled trout and minnows from the  
burns;  
And many a pillow fine of pliant rushes,  
And syrup-draughts in little snail-shell urns.  
The wild hawk watched beside her with the wren;  
No fierce beast crept upon her from dark den.

For her the cataract curbed its sullen clangour,  
The lichened precipice gleamed mauve and gold,  
The glooming tarn woke glittering from its lan-  
guor,  
The tossing mountains brightly round her rolled.  
Till spake a troll, "More humour!" Half in anger  
"Things are too dreamy; children must be bold."  
And so the desert rang with goblin laughter  
That shook from emerald field to tree-top rafter.

And, gazing over mountains light-enfolden,  
Lifting her eyes unto the lonely sky,  
She saw a bright cross rayed with sunshine golden,  
And face of One who for her child should die.

For it was in the blurred and distant olden  
Long, long ago, ere Roman power drew nigh.  
And Christ leaned down, and cried, "Brave suffer-  
ing mother,  
I'll be a comforting comrade to my brother."

And so, 'mid music, mirth and melancholy,  
Gracious bestowal under night and morn,  
This child of Hell, of Satan and sheer folly  
Came through to life, and radiantly was born;  
But that angel white, its mother, knew not folly,  
Nor wrong, nor sin, nor dark unrighteous scorn;  
Beneficent, innocent unto Earth she came,  
Celestial Spirit, and bestowing flame.

And the west wind cried, "Whoo-oo! Tu-whoo!  
Baramboo!  
Which one will conquer? Satan? Or sweet  
mother?  
Will he be imp or angel? Or just two  
Mixed up in fiery strife against each other?"  
And lightning flashed, and clouds obscured the  
blue.

*Pit, patter, pat! Rain, wind, and a dark smother!  
When suddenly all the wood cried out, "Arise,  
Trees, from your roots. Exult in her might; and arise!  
In the days to come, when men are losing their eyes,  
Ireland shall lift a flame to the darkened skies."*





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